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A SONG OF DAYS.

BY H. M. P.

Weep, as if you thought of laughter!
Smile, as tears were coming after!
Marry your pleasures to your woes;
And think life's green well worth its rose!

No sorrow will your heart betide,
Without a comfort by its side;
The sun may sleep in his sea-bed,
But you have starlight overhead.

Trust not to Joy! the rose of June,
When opened wide, will wither soon;
Italian days without twilight
Will turn them suddenly to night.

Joy, most changeful of all things,
Flits away on rainbow wings;
And when they look the gayest, know
It is that they are spread to go.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

Beatrix looked forward with some interest to her visit to lovely Lady Rayner. She was out of the common order; there was something about her different from the frivolous people who talked about life as a jest.

"I am so glad to see you," said Lady Rayner, when Beatrix entered her tasteful little boudoir.

If money could give happiness, if magnificence could produce comfort, Lady Rayner ought to have had it. The little boudoir in which she sat was exquisitely furnished. The hangings were of violet velvet and white lace; the carpet had a white ground with violets lying as though they had just fallen upon it; there were a few rare pictures; a masterpiece by Canova stood between the violet velvet hangings; there were a few beautiful bronzes, exquisite vases, *jardinieres* filled with rarest flowers. Lady Rayner herself was very lovely, but her face was pale, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping. She held out both hands in greeting to "Prince Charlie's" daughter.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "Do you know, Miss Lennox, that I have fallen in love with your face—you look so true, so earnest; and I want a friend who is truthful and earnest."

"I am truthful," returned candid Beatrix—"I come of a truthful race. I am earnest because I cannot help it. If you like me, and want a friend, I shall be very pleased to be that friend, Lady Rayner."

"Call me Leola," requested the young wife with a quick shudder—"I like that name best."

"I will be your friend, Leola," said Beatrix. Quick, warm pity stirred her heart—she did not know why—quick, tender pity. She bent down and kissed the pale sweet face.

"I have received a great many compliments," remarked Beatrix, "but I do not remember that any one has asked me for my friendship."

"I am glad of it," said Lady Rayner—"I shall have no rival. Now sit down by my side, and let us have a friendly chat."

Lady Rayner wore a morning dress of white muslin and white lace, trimmed with blue ribbon. Her golden hair had no ornaments save the azure ribbon that bound it. She sat beside Beatrix, holding her hands in her own.

"What a curious thing instinct is!" she said. "The moment I saw your face in the crush-room I said to myself that I liked you. Do you know, I believe only in first liking and first love. What shall we talk about? Not of balls or lovers. Let us talk about the time when we were children, innocent happy children, playing with daisies and crying for jam."

"I had no jam when I was a child," remarked Beatrix laughingly. "Tell me about your childhood first, Leola."

And Lady Rayner told her of a home in the country where she amused herself and did as she liked all day long. Beatrix noting keenly how pale her face was, how transparent were the white hands, how she strove against the sadness that seemed to master her, how at times she even forgot what she was saying, and went off into a train of painful thoughts. Beatrix was very gentle with her.

They were laughing heartily at an escapade of Lady Rayner's, when suddenly she rose from her seat; her face grew white as death, and her hands trembled.

"That is my husband," she said. "I thought he left home early this morning."

Beatrix heard the sound of a quick, shuffling footstep, the door opened, and Lord Rayner entered the room.

"Prince Charlie's" daughter almost cried out in surprise as her eyes fell upon him. That Lord Rayner! Why, he was surely one of the most insignificant and contemptible looking men she had ever seen! He was very little and very fierce; he had a parrot face, with small, twinkling eyes, and a great hooked nose; and he spoke in a nasal tone. Was this the husband of the superb blonde who trembled before him? He did not see Beatrix at first; and, in a voice indescribably fierce and shrill, he began:

"I thought I told you to write to Javins about that carriage?"

"You did," said his wife, trying to speak calmly. "I am very sorry, Otho—I quite forgot it." He went nearer to her.

"You did not forget it!" he screamed. "You did it purposely! You know that I wanted to go to Richmond. You knew that I wanted that particular carriage. It is your spiteful, jealous temper that prevented you from writing—and you shall suffer for it!"

"Otho," said the pale, beautiful woman, "Miss Lennox is here. You do not see her, I think."

The moment he saw the lovely heiress his manner completely changed—he was all that was obsequious.

"You will pardon me, Miss Lennox, but I have been compelled to assert my prerogative. No one in this miserable house ever obeys me—no one ever attends to my wishes—no one studies me."

Without another word Lady Rayner sat down and wrote the note; when it was finished, she gave it to her husband to read.

"Will this do, Otho?" she asked. "I have almost forgotten what you wished me to say. Will it do?"

"No, it will not," he said, tearing the little note into shreds. "If you cannot do what I tell you when I want it done, you need not trouble to do it at all."

If Beatrix could have pleased herself, she would have shaken the speaker, he looked so small and contemptible. The fair sad woman who bore his name made no answer—perhaps she knew how useless it would have been. The little tyrant continued:

"I hope, Miss Lennox, that you have none of the new-fashioned ideas—that it is *bon ton*, for a wife to obey her husband!"

"I have no ideas on the matter," she said coolly—"none whatever."

"If ever you have such ideas, it will be very unfortunate," he remarked.

"If ever I promise to obey any one, I shall keep my promise," said frank, incautious Beatrix; "for I should make it only to one worthy of all obedience."

It was not until she had spoken the words that she discovered how very *mal a propos* they were.

Lady Rayner's face flushed. Lord Rayner laughed a silly, feeble laugh that was more irritating than his threats.

"I would far rather he screamed at me than laughed at me," thought Beatrix. He turned sharply to his wife.

"I shall say no more about this now," he said, with the air of one who would be generous; "but the next time I express a wish or give a command see that it is carried out—see that you obey."

"I will be careful," promised his wife.

"You have spoiled my day," he continued, reverting again to his wrongs. "I had intended going to Richmond. I really believe you knew with whom I was going, and were jealous."

He laughed again with an air of self-complacency which made him appear doubly absurd; and Beatrix thought to herself that if he repeated his laugh she should almost go mad. She looked at the pale, beautiful woman who was compelled to hear that laughter whenever he chose to inflict his presence on her.

"What could have induced her to marry such a monster?" thought Beatrix; and then she began to wonder. His mood had changed.

"I told Hanson to send up a diamond necklace for you to look at," he said to his wife; "they tell me that some of the imperial stones are in it. You can have it if you like it."

"I do not want it," said Lady Rayner; and the little lord laughed again.

"Not want it? That is quite a new phrase. Not want diamonds? What has come to you? I thought you adored diamonds."

"I have plenty of them," she replied.

"Well, have these, and then you will have more. There is not such another necklace in England. You will see when it comes. Is it because Miss Lennox is here that you pretend not to care about jewels?"

The pale face grew marble-white.

"No," she replied; "and, as you say, having many, I may still have more, I will take them when they come."

"I thought no lady of fashion could be disinterested for ten minutes together. It would serve you right now if I were to say that you shall not even see the necklace; but I will not be hard."

Then he rose from his seat, and, after paying a few fulsome compliments to Beatrix, and treating his wife with marked disdain, quitted the room.

"And that," thought Beatrix, "is a man!"

Lady Rayner turned to her with a look of great relief, and, without alluding to her husband, began to talk again about earlier days. Beatrix was greatly interested in her new friend. She stayed longer than she had intended, and rose at last hurriedly to take her leave.

"You will come again?" asked Lady Rayner. "Or shall I come to see you?"

"Whichever will suit you best. You go out a great deal, I should imagine?" said Beatrix.

"Yes," was the reply; "I take my 'worldliness' as other people take drugs and drams. It answers the same purpose. I go out a great deal; I am seldom at home."

When Beatrix was taking her leave, Lady Rayner said to her, with a faint smile—

"There is a skeleton in every house, Miss Lennox, and it is generally hidden; but you have seen mine. You will not betray me?"

"No," promised Beatrix, "I will not."

"I—I married for money," said the pale, lovely lady, "and I have more money than I know what to do with. Good-bye, my dear;" and without waiting for another word Beatrix departed.

"Married for money!" The words sounded in her ears all the remainder of that day.

There is one thing I should like to see," she said to herself. "I should like to see a man like Beltran Carew take such a man as Lord Rayner in hand. Could any one believe that two so different belonged to the same species?"

Married for money—that beautiful woman, young and fair and miserable! "I married for money, and I have more money than I know what to do with." The words haunted her; she could not forget them. "That is a thing," said proud Beatrix to herself, "that I will never do—never. I would rather die of hunger than marry for money—indeed I cannot imagine why people are in such a hurry to marry at all." They were sensible words enough, but why did she blush when she had uttered them, and ask herself if they were quite sincere?

CHAPTER XXI.

"I have never seen you so pleased about a dinner-party before, Beatrix," said Lady Lennox, when her daughter consulted her for the twentieth time concerning her dress. "Is any one going whom you very much wish to see?"

"Yes; I told you, mamma—Mrs. Carew, the artist—the lady who is so anxious to paint my portrait. The Duchess says she would not paint the portrait of an empress if she did not like her."

"Indeed," said gentle Lady Lennox, who disapproved in her amiable fashion of anything that seemed like originality or independence of mind. "I hope, Beatrix, she is not one of those unfortunate strong-minded women."

"Comfort yourself, mamma," laughed "Prince Charlie's" daughter. "When you see Mrs. Carew, 'strong-minded' is the last epithet you will apply to her. She is most charming, graceful, and cultivated."

"I understand. Is it to please this lady then that you are so particular this evening?"

"You forget, mamma, that there will be several other persons—the duke, of course, also Mr. Carew."

"Who is Mr. Carew, Trixie?" asked Lady Lennox, who did not remember the name. She did not see the light that came into her daughter's face, or she would have understood all.

"He is a hero, mamma," she answered. "Do you not remember the lawyer who saved that poor girl's life?"

"Yes, I remember now, but I had forgotten the name. You will be contented with a duke and a hero, Trixie," she added, with a gentle indulgent smile. If she had known that her daughter estimated the Duke at so low and the lawyer at so high a rate, she would have been disinclined for smiling.

Beatrix stood attired for the dinner-party at Elmslie House, looking far more beautiful than she had ever looked before. Her graceful head and flower-like face, her white neck and lovely shoulders, rose from clouds of rose-colored tulle. She wore white roses in her hair, and carried a bouquet of white hyacinths; a superb knot of flowers was fastened in the bodice of her dress. She looked lovely enough to disturb an artist's dreams. Her uncle had declined the invitation to the dinner-party—he had not been well of late—but he desired to look at his niece before she went.

"You do credit to the Lennoxes, Beatrix," he said.

When the soft white opera-cloak had been placed round her shoulders and she had entered the carriage, Peter Lennox turned to his sister-in-law.

"What is that rose-colored material called?" he asked.

"Rose tulle," replied Lady Lennox.

"Well, I am of the opinion that that rose tulle will give the Duke his *coup de grace*. I have never seen Trixie look so well before," said Peter Lennox; and he began at once to think about the marriage settlements; while Beatrix, as she drew near Elmslie House, asked herself what she should do. There would be two gentlemen present, of whom one would wish to talk to her—to the other she would want to talk. It would require some astuteness to manage to please herself without displeasing others.

Yes, there was the Duke! He waylaid her at once when she entered the room; and she was compelled to listen to a string of compliments that she thought would never end, wondering all the time whether Beltran had arrived. At last she saw the tall figure and the fair princely head towering above the others. Her face flushed; she answered at random. Oh, if the duke would but leave her in peace! She had something to be thankful for, she said to herself, on seeing that the Prince de Ferros was not there also. She saw Beltran gazing anxiously about the room. Their eyes met, and he bowed. The Duke looked up in wonder to see what had caused the sudden light on his companion's face. Beatrix dropped her eyes quickly, hardly knowing all they told. Then the white hyacinths trembled in her hand; she saw Beltran coming towards her. And still the Duke kept his place, as though he had a right to be there.

To her great relief the Duchess of Elmslie called him away—she wanted to introduce him to the wife of one of the ambassadors—and Beatrix was free. In another moment Beltran Carew was by her side. It was a significant fact that they shook hands in silence; no common form of greeting could express what they felt for each other.

It was Beltran who spoke first. A strange fit of shyness had come over Beatrix—she who was usually so imperious, so perfectly self-possessed, had lost a little of that self-possession; sudden lovely blushes flitted over her face, sudden gleams of light came into her eyes, the proud sweet lips trembled as she smiled

"I was afraid," said Beltran, "that I should not get near you, Miss Lennox. The Duke of Heathland guards you as though you were a crown jewel."

She looked up at him wistfully, longing to say, "It is not my fault that he is always near me," but she was silent. Perhaps he misunderstood her silence, for after a while he added:

"I hope I have not been indiscreet."

In a moment her face was in a flame.

"Certainly not," she said; and then she added shyly—she was so unfortunately frank—"I was just wishing that he would go and make room for you."

"Were you? I am the happiest——" He paused suddenly, for the confusion in her face pained him. She recovered herself bravely—

"That is one of the bad effects of my solitary life," she said. "I have a most unfortunate habit of saying just what I think—of uttering nothing but the plain, bare, unadulterated truth."

"I wish the habit were more common," he remarked. "Why do you call it unfortunate, Miss Lennox?"

"The result is unfortunate," she replied. "I please people either too much or not at all. Society prefers half-truths, reticence rather than candor."

"So much the worse for society," he said. "Solitude has its advantages if it teaches perfect truth. Lawyers ought to be the most sceptical of beings, for they hear less truth and more falsehood than any other set of men. I shall never forget a case I had to defend some time ago. I had not been called to the bar very long then, and was as eager for justice and truth as any man could be."

"What was the case?" she asked, interested in all that concerned him.

"A shopman was accused of robbing his master of a watch. He swore that he was innocent. He protested and declared that he was until I quite believed him—I was a novice, you see. Then he had a wife and four little children; that inclined me to think that he spoke truly. I defended him as well as I could, though appearances were against him. I won the case, but would not take his money, and advised him to be more careful in the future, so as to avoid getting into such difficulties. Do you know, Miss Lennox, when he was going away he turned to me, and, giving me a cunning look, asked, 'Do you think it is safe to fetch it out now, sir? I pledged it the same night.'"

"How horrible!" said Beatrix. "What did you do?"

"Nothing. What could I do?"

"That is what always puzzles me about the law," she remarked. "I can hardly see how a lawyer can be a perfectly honest, perfectly truthful man. Suppose now, for instance, that a man whom you knew to be guilty asked you to defend him; you could not truthfully try to make out that he was innocent?"

"Certainly not. There lies the difficulty. Some lawyers would—I would not. I should be more inclined to plead extenuating circumstances. But truth and the subtleties of the law are not always reconcileable."

"Do you like the profession?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Lennox, better than any other. It gives full scope for intellectual power. I think a well-contested law-case is a mental battle-field. The more I see of law the more I like it. I should be sorry to give it up."

"I thought it was overrun with abuses," said Beatrix.

"I do not think so. There are faults, as there must be in everything human; but English law, as it stands now, is, I believe, one of the most perfect institutions in the world."

"I like to see a man enthusiastic about his profession," said Beatrix—"I should think there can be no success without it."

"Success without enthusiasm?" he questioned. "No, I should say it would be impossible. The right amount, properly applied, will carry a man through almost anything," added Beltran; "but I suppose youth is always enthusiastic."

"Not the gilded youth which calls everything a bore," she laughed; "still enthusiasm is refreshing when it is sincere."

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested each in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrix raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then their words became fewer, a strange sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home, for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the *soiree*, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Gentle Lady Lennox asked if the Duchess had sent any message to her; Beatrix was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good night to her Grace. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he delaring that the opera-cloak would not come into the right folds, and lingering so long while he drew it round her that she had looked at him with a wondering smile; then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

"What are you blushing about, Trixie?" asked Lady Lennox in great surprise.

"I am not blushing, mamma," was Beatrix's reply; "one does not blush without a cause, and there is no cause here."

It was just as well that Lady Lennox did not know what her daughter understood by the word "cause" in the way in which she had used it.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I have not seen this friend of yours," said Peter Lennox. "I hear a great deal of Mr. Carew, but I have not seen him yet."

"Talk of angels, uncle, and you hear the rustle of their wings," laughed Beatrix. "There is Mr. Carew; shall I introduce you?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

They were driving in the Park, and Beatrix saw Mr. Carew with another gentleman. The moment he caught sight of her he hastened to the carriage door, and Beatrix introduced him to her uncle. Peter Lennox could not help being pleased with him—with the tall well-built figure, the handsome face, the large bright clear eyes.

"Have we not met before?" he asked suddenly.

"I think not," said Beltran. "I am quite sure that I have not seen you. I should remember it if I had. I have a good memory for faces."

"I have not," confessed Peter Lennox; "yet there is something in yours—I cannot tell what—that is familiar and yet strange. I cannot describe it."

"It is fancy, uncle," put in Beatrix—"and I should imagine that to be the first fancy you have had in your life."

"It is not the first," he replied, with a long sigh. "If it is anything, it is the second. As you hint, I am not given to fancies, Trixie. I shall be glad to see you, Mr. Carew. My niece here, who is as prolific in fancies as I am deficient, has insisted upon my calling our house Strathnarn House. I shall be glad to see you any time. We have some friends coming on the fourteenth to dinner; the great traveller Mr. Shirlstone and the great philosopher Mr. Newland will also be present."

"I know Mr. Newland; Mr. Shirlstone I have never met," said Mr. Carew. "I shall be pleased to come." But his eyes lingered on the beautiful blushing face, and his look said that it was for her sake that he should come—hers, and no others.

Beatrix understood it. She was fast learning a language new to her. Beltran talked to Mr. Lennox for some time, and the keen worldly man was greatly impressed by the talent of the younger one.

"Do you like him, uncle?" asked Beatrix, as the carriage drove away.

"Yes," was the prompt reply; "I like him very much indeed—more than most people. He is a young man of great promise. I should not be surprised if he attained great distinction; he has real genius, I should say. But, Trixie, there is something even in his voice that haunts me. Every word he speaks brings something to my mind—I cannot tell what it is."

"I am glad you like him," was Miss Lennox's remark.

"He appears to have the *entree* into good society," said Peter Lennox. "That is through his mother, I suppose, Trixie—the popular artist about whom you rave so much."

"Partly, and partly through his own merits. He is so clever, so cultivated, uncle. I have never heard any one speak as he does."

Peter Lennox looked intently at his niece.

"I have never heard you speak so highly of any man, Trixie."

"My dear uncle," said "Prince Charlie's" daughter, with an air of supreme calmness, "Beltran Carew is not an ordinary man—he is a hero."

"And, as such, is entitled to hero-worship," laughed Mr. Lennox; and he said no more.

Beatrix herself was quite unconscious how much Beltran Carew was beginning to fill her life. When she woke in the morning, it was to think of him, to wonder if she should see him on that day, if he would call, if she should meet him accidentally, if he would send a note or message. The day on which she was to meet him were red letter days; but then, as she said to herself, she had longed all her life to know a hero, and at last she had met one.

They were talking of heroes one day, and Beltran asked her who was hers.

She told him, without a moment's hesitation, "King Arthur."

"Do you believe King Arthur really lived, Miss Lennox?" he asked.

She looked half horrified.

"Do I believe that the stars shine, and that the moon gives light?" she said. "Most certainly I do. He lived, and lives now in the hearts of the people."

"Will you tell me why you prefer him as a hero?" he asked.

She looked up at him, her fair face all glowing.

"I want words," she said. "I prefer him because he bore 'the white flower of a blameless life;' then in himself it seems to me that he combined every element of manhood, poetry, and romance. He was a king, a soldier, a knight; he was a scholar, a gentleman, and what some people would call a saint. Can you imagine a more perfect combination of characters than that?"

"No, I cannot," he replied, thinking how beautiful she was in her earnestness, and how eloquent!

"It is grand," she said, "to picture Horatius defending the bridge—I like to think of him facing a legion of foes; but it is grander to think of King Arthur facing a legion of evil spirits—ignorance, greed, brutality, and hatred. Think of his transforming the rough men around him into knights and heroes, gentlemen and courtiers. King Arthur, the greatest of them, is my hero; and then she paused, with a smile and a blush.

"Miss Lennox, what does that smile mean? Your face is very eloquent, but I cannot read it yet."

She looked up half shyly at him.

"I am not quite sure if I ought to tell you," she said—"it is most unconventional."

"I will not mind that," he returned. "Pray be so good as to tell me what that half kind, half-satirical, wholly beautiful smile meant?"

"You will laugh at me, I know—it means that, when I saw you first, I decided you must be like what King Arthur once was."

His handsome face grew grave and earnest.

"If I might be! Miss Lennox, your have conferred a kind of knighthood on me! I shall go forth bravely to do battle with my foes; I will fight the same enemies that your hero fought. No praise, no compliment that you could have paid me, would have made me one half so happy as those words have done."

"I did not mean them for praise or flattery," she said; "they are simply what I thought."

"Thank you for the thought," he returned frankly; "it has honored me."

He looked after her when she had quitted his side, thinking how unlike she was to the fashionable ladies he had met—how frank, how brave, how fearless, with her simple faith and honor, her belief in heroes, her worship of all that was noble.

"Lancelot would never have won her," he said to himself. "She seems to me simply the most high-minded woman I have ever beheld. I believe she would rather lose her life than compromise her truth."

After that they met almost continually. Beltran, although constantly occupied during the day, went out a great deal. Since he had known Beatrix he sought the people who knew her. He contrived to discover at what houses she was to visit. But the best time of all for him was when Mrs. Carew began to paint "The Lotus Lily." Mrs. Carew herself had designed the dress. It was a mantle of cloth of gold thrown over one shoulder, leaving the other undraped. The lovely face rose flower like from the superb costume, the queenly head was crowned with blue Nile lillies. Nothing could have been more artistic or more beautiful.

Beatrix enjoyed those sittings. Lady Lennox generally went with her; but Lady Lennox was not worldly-wise, and, when she saw how the young lawyer interested and amused her beautiful child, when she heard them conversing of everything poetical and artistic, she never thought of danger. What danger could there be? Lady Lennox persisted in considering her daughter as engaged to the Duke of Heathland. Even had she not done so, she would never have dreamed of danger from such a source. The gentle high-bred woman was on good terms with Mrs. Carew and with her son; but there was somewhat of patronage in her manner. She did not consider them as her equals, nor did she treat them as such; whereas "Prince Charlie's" daughter looked up to them with a kind of worshipping reverence wonderful to see.

They all met one day at a *fete* given in the beautiful grounds of Twickenham Palace. The Marquis of E——dale was the originator of it, and, as Mrs. Carew had set all London talking about the wonderful portrait of his beautiful Marchioness, he had sent cards both to the gifted artist and to her no less gifted son. Beatrix and Lady Lennox went with the Duchess of Elmslie. Peter Lennox disliked garden-parties, and summer *fetes* were not to his mind. He preferred dinner-parties where he could play a solemn game of whist.

The grounds of the Palace were very beautiful. They were chiefly famous for their lovely roses. The Marquis was a true flower-worshipper. He had roses of every description; and the sweet soft air was so filled with the odor of them that it was a luxury to breathe. Beatrix had looked forward to this *fete* with an intensity of happiness that surprised herself. She said to herself that it was due to the idea of spending the bright sunshiny hours under the shade of grand old cedars and amongst lovely flowers. But there was something more than that. Deep down in her heart was a well-spring of delight. She was to meet Beltran Carew.

When she entered the grounds she saw three gentlemen all waiting for her—the Duke of Heathland looking quite sure of her; yet vaguely expectant; and Prince de Ferros with his dark eyes following her sadly; and, quite apart from the others, Beltran Carew, with a lotus-lily in his hand.

"If the Duke and the Prince would but go away!" thought Beatrix. "The Prince makes me miserable, always looking so sad and so melancholy. I cannot love any one—indeed I love no one—no one," she repeated vigorously.

Lady Rayner was there, looking very fragile and very lovely in blue and silver.

Her lord and master had absented himself under the plea of an engagement, the real truth being that he wanted to enjoy a dinner at the "Star and Garter." Beatrix felt greatly relieved when Lady Rayner joined her. The two ladies made a beautiful picture standing under the green trees—Lady Rayner, so fair and fragile, with her golden hair and sweeping train of blue and silver; Beatrix, like a picture by one of the old masters, with her dark splendid eyes, her richly-colored face, and her trailing dress of white lace and scarlet silk. Every one admired them. One by one the gentleman left less lovely women and gathered round them. Beatrix longed for one word from Beltran. He stood leaning carelessly against the trunk of a tree, with the lotus-lily in his hand. The Duke, on her right hand, suggested a row in one of the pretty pleasure-boats; the Prince, on her left, was trying to persuade her to join the croquet players. She did not feel inclined for either.

"Go with the Duke, my dear," said Lady Lennox. "I am sure a row on the lake will be very pleasant."

Beatrix knew well that if she went upon the lake with the Duke there would be what she wished so much to avoid—a love-scene. She turned to Lady Rayner.

"Will you go with us," she said; and Lady Rayner, seeing the distress in her face, consented.

They stopped on the way to find a fourth.

"Shall I ask the Prince de Ferros?" inquired Lady Rayner; and Beatrix instantly cried:

"Oh, no, pray do not!"

Directly afterwards she repented of her words because the Duke looked so delighted on account of them.

Beltran had bided his time. When the boat touched the green glittering banks again, he was there to help Beatrix. The Duke, whose wooing had made so little progress, looked angrily at him; but a loaded cannon would not have checked Mr. Carew.

"Lady Lennox fears you will grow faint, Miss Lennox," he said. "I promised her to show you where to find some strawberries and grapes."

The Duke angrily turned round.

"Will you introduce this gentleman to me, Miss Lennox?" he said; and Beatrix complied.

With a look of mutual defiance the gentlemen raised their hats.

"Mr. Carew will permit me to remark," said his Grace, "that I am quite capable of attending to the requirements of the ladies whom I am honored by escorting."

"No doubt," returned Beltran calmly, "but a monopoly of honors, your Grace, is hardly fair. The sunshine has been all on the lake; permit it now to brighten the land."

Then, bowing with the air of a prince, he offered his arm to Beatrix, Lady Rayner looking on with an amused smile. Beatrix turned with a bow and graceful words of thanks to the Duke.

"It was very pleasant on the water," she said. "But I think mamma is right—a little fruit will be very refreshing. Will you come with us? Lady Rayner looks tired."

After that he could do nothing but ask Lady Rayner to take his arm and follow them.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked half savagely. "Carew? I do not remember to have heard the name. What Carew is he, Lady Rayner? Do you know?"

"He is the son of Mrs. Carew, the great artist; she is painting Miss Lennox's portrait—and a very beautiful picture it is."

"I understand," said his Grace in a more satisfied tone. "I do not think it quite in good taste to invite artists and people of that class everywhere though; do you?"

"They are often very entertaining," replied Lady Rayner languidly, feeling that nothing under the sun could ever be entertaining to her; and then they walked on in silence.

"That was a bold stroke," said Beltran to the beautiful heiress. "I have never attempted a bolder. How angry the Duke looked! If these were the 'good old times,' he would send me a challenge."

"Why should he? I have surely a right to please myself?" rejoined Miss Lennox. "I was tired of the water; it made my eyes ache; and the sun was very warm. I am quite content to be here."

The reason of this was obvious; for Beltran, making what he considered a still bolder stroke, had contrived, by turning down a shady out-of-the-way path, to lose sight of the Duke and Lady Rayner. He found a pretty seat for Beatrix under the close drooping branches of an old cedar-tree, and after a short absence brought her some strawberries.

"This is like being in a green silent city," she said. "How beautiful this old cedar is!"

"Yes," he assented, beside himself with the witchery of her beauty and her smiles; "and if it could speak," he added, "it would tell us some strange stories. How many fair ladies have sat under its shade! How many Cavaliers have pleaded here for a smile or a flower or one kind word! How many hearts have ached here! How many have been made light! Ah, Miss Lennox, let us forget——" He stopped and sighed; his frank clear eyes seemed to drink in the beauty of her peerless face. "Let us forget," he resumed, "that you are a beauty, a belle, a great heiress, and that I am a poor barrister, fighting my way to fortune—let us forget that we live in a great, bright, gay, heartless world, where fashion and custom rule us with an iron hand—let us steal one hour from our lives, and enter the region of imagination; we will call it Fairyland."

"I am quite willing," she said. "What shall we do there?"

"Talk. I will sit here at your feet and repeat for you a beautiful little sonnet that I read last night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As a boy, Prof. Henry was an inveterate novel reader; but one day an English book of scientific lectures happened to fall into his hands. He was so interested in it that the owner presented it to him, and he kept it ever afterwards among his treasures. On the fly-leaf is this paragraph, written by him in 1837: "This book, although by no means a profound work, has, under Providence, exerted a remarkable influence on my life. It accidentally fell into my hands when I was about sixteen years old, and was the first book, with the exception of works of fiction, that I ever read with attention. It opened to me a new world of thought and enjoyment, invested things before almost unnoticed with the highest interest, fixed my mind on the study of nature, and caused me to resolve at the time of reading it that I would devote my life to the acquisition of knowledge.—Joseph Henry."

HOME SONG.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about,
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

A MODERN HERO.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

Every one who knows anything about coal mines is aware that the great Saltham pit lies just on the edge of Whitehaven, and extends thence far away under the sea.

In the summer of 18— two ladies came to Whitehaven for the purpose of establishing their right to shares in this pit—a right which they had recently discovered.

There were a mother and daughter, both of them beautiful and cultured women; and as they had brought letters of introduction to the rector, they were soon recognized as belonging to one of the most desirable "sets" of that old aristocratic city.

Indeed, Mary Allonby was a universal favorite, and before the first winter was over it was generally understood that she was the promised wife of the handsome Gerald Peel, a young man of very good family, and of great promise.

He was the head "viewer" of the Saltham pit, and knew well the richness and excellence of its coal seams.

Now, the "viewer" of a large coal mine is a gentleman, a man of great courage, forethought, and fine engineering skill. He has a large salary, lives in good style and good society, and exercises a great power, not only over the under-viewers, but also in the entire management of the pit.

The marriage had been fixed for June, and the preparations were all made.

Mrs. Allonby was so certain of her rights being settled by that date that she instructed her lawyer to make over a certain portion of them to her daughter as a wedding present.

One evening Gerald was taking tea with them, and from the pleasant room happy laughter and happy voices went floating outwards into the shady depths of the shrubbery.

Among the shrubbery a man was lurking—a man with dirty, ragged clothing, and a face passion smitten and every way evil, and whenever Mrs. Allonby's voice or Mary's laugh, caught his ear, its expression was almost terrible.

"I'm nothing to them now," he muttered harshly; "but we shall see—we shall see."

He lingered in the thick shrubbery until the moon rose, and he saw Gerald wrap Mary in her little white down hood and cloak, and take her out with him into the garden.

Then he crept nearer the house, and watched Mrs. Allonby lift a candle and go upstairs into a room that fronted two ways, one of them towards a gable, which was very thickly matted with an old ivy vine.

The windows were open on that side, and he cautiously ascended.

When he reached the upper floor Mrs. Allonby was sitting before an old-fashioned secretary, tying up a package of papers.

He put his hand upon her shoulder, forced her to sit still, and uttered but one word:

"Louisa!"

She did not faint, nor scream, nor even attempt to rise, but gathering rapidly together all her senses and energies, she looked the man earnestly in the face, and said, in a voice where tenderness and anger strove for the mastery:

"Richard Allonby!"

"Yes ma'am. Lock your door and shut your windows. I have something to say to you."

"Not here, Richard! Not here, for Mary's sake!"

"Why not? Am I not your husband? Ah, ah! you can't get over that, you can see."

"God help me, no!"

She rose mechanically, locked the door, shut out the sweet evening air, pulled down the blinds, and then, motioning towards a sofa, sat down.

"Oh, no, my lady! I won't put you to that degradation. You are a lady, you know," and then in a lower voice: "And now I want you to give me those Saltham papers. I know all about them."

"Richard, you have robbed me of my own fortune, and of the peace and love of my youth. You killed my father with the shame you brought on him. You have forced me to leave the place where my family have dwelt for centuries, and to come a stranger to this strange north country. Do have pity on me, and on your own child. For Heaven's sake spare her the disgrace and misery of knowing you!"

"You never told her, then?"

"No, no, no! She thinks you dead—and oh, Richard, she is going to be married."

"I know that, too. Give me the papers. I've been here long enough."

"Richard, Richard, kill me if you like, but do Mary no further wrong!"

"I don't like to kill you, Louisa; I like you well enough to wish to look at you occasionally. Give me the papers, or I shall ring the bell and order my supper. You know I'm master here if I say so. See, I'll give you five minutes to decide. I don't want you to say I forced them from you."

In great emergencies the mind acts rapidly.

Mrs. Allonby reviewed her position, and made her decision.

She walked back to the secretary, and taking from the drawer a bundle of papers and a little gold chain holding a pearl cross and a couple of rings, came towards her husband.

"This is to be our last meeting, Richard, and you must promise it upon that chain and those rings; you know them—they are your mother's."

Richard Allonby put them aside nervously.

If there was any memory that made his soul shiver and sob, it was that of the gentle little mother whose heart he had broken.

"I won't touch those things," he said. "Give me the papers."

"Not unless you do what I say!"

Richard saw his wife's courage rising, and he knew well that when timid women are angered to a point of resistance, such anger is not to be defied; so he said, sullenly:

"I will do as you wish."

He took the papers and immediately departed.

He had another interview on hand that night.

He waited until he saw Gerald enter his own handsome dwelling, then he scaled the great brick walls and watched his further movements.

He went, as Richard expected, to his office, looked over the reports of the under-viewers, and then lit a cigar and sat down to smoke.

There was a low, open window, opening on a stone balcony, and when Gerald rose for something he wanted, Richard boldly entered the room, and was standing before his chair when he turned round to it.

"Now, my man, what's wrong?"

"I am not your man, Gerald Peel. I propose, indeed, to be your father-in-law."

Then Gerald knew that he had either to deal with a lunatic or a great sorrow, and he closed the window and said:

"Sit down sir, and say what you have to say."

Richard did not spare himself.

He told all.

How he had killed his mother, and ruined his wife, forged his friend's name, and been forgiven, and then robbed a bank, and been transported for fourteen years for it.

He said he had come back to England eighteen months ago, but had only just found his wife.

"Didn't want to make trouble, especially as Mary was going to marry so well," and thought Gerald had better give him some money and let him go to America.

Gerald heard all in silence, then taking out his purse, counted him out twenty pounds.

"Will that pay you to hold your tongue?"

"Make it fifty."

Gerald made it fifty, and said:

"Now go. If you really go to America, you may write every year for the same, but don't annoy your wife and daughter. Let me stand between them and you."

The calm unselfishness and the air of authority which was partly natural to Gerald, and partly acquired by the necessity of his position, quite cowed the wretched man.

He slunk out into the darkness, and Gerald thought out the new aspect of his position.

"He must hurry forward his marriage; Mary was nothing to blame; but if his family knew there would be no end of trouble. And these poor women! Surely they needed his protection, with this villain dogging their footsteps."

The next morning he received another heavy blow.

Mrs. Allonby told him that her secretary had been robbed of her Saltham papers and some jewelry, and that the police had been notified.

He saw at once how the affair lay.

He knew the thief, and he suspected Mrs. Allonby knew also.

But he had determined not to blame her too much.

He estimated the horror of her position, and boldly faced the disappointment that had fallen upon all the glory of his love.

But at any rate Mary was the same, and it was Mary he was going to marry.

He made some excuse for hurrying forward matters, and in spite of the suggestions of his friends that the missing papers ought to be found first, he married Mary Allonby early in June.

Perhaps no wife was ever happier.

As the years went by, and lovely boys and girls began to patter about the halls and gardens of Peel Place, and as she herself grew in wifely grace, and in her husband's love, she acknowledged continually the blessing of her lot.

Only one thing troubled her—her mother's health.

Though in the prime of life, she was sinking under a nervous complaint that defied medical skill.

Gerald, who guessed the cause, tried to win her confidence, but she repelled all his advances.

Thus more than five years had passed away.

One night, about Christmas, the rector was sitting among his household, full of the joy and spirit of the time.

Suddenly he was called away from them, and found waiting for him a lady in the wildest terror and distress, whom he recognized as Mrs. Allonby.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, "there is no time for words—come with me instantly to Saltham pit. I will explain all as we go there."

There is something so compelling in a great sorrow, that he cloaked himself silently and followed her into a waiting carriage.

As it drove through the narrow back streets, she told him the outlines of her sad story.

"And this villain, who has been torturing you to death for five years, is, you say——?"

"Is my husband, and he is lying, dying in the pit. A large mass of coal fell on him this afternoon, and he can't be moved. What could I do?" she cried pitifully. "How could I tell Gerald and Mary of the horror of such a connection? Oh, my friend, someone must speak to him—someone must pray with him—and I must see the sad end of him, but I dare not go alone."

Indeed, even the rector turned sick and giddy when he saw the road they must take.

The shaft of Saltham is close to the sea, absolutely on the shingle, and nearly nine hundred feet deep.

The banksmen expressed no surprise at such visitors, and as they refused to change their clothing, gave them each a large overall, and, putting them into the huge basket, let them down.

The night lays were coming up, and a basked of five men, their candles gleaming in the dark abyss, passed them on the way.

In a few minutes they touched the ground, and a craggy, dark, uneven descent led them to the interior of the pit.

The path was high enough to allow them to follow their guide in an upright position.

After going one thousand yards in a straight line under the sea, they came to a little opening, where the dying man lay.

The space was narrow and hot, and dimly lit by a piece of candle stuck against the coal wall in a bit of clay; and there were some still at work about him.

He was almost dead, but his eyes gleamed gratefully upon the weeping wife, who had at last braved all to come and close his eyes.

And, incredible as it may seem, at this hour Louisa Allonby forgot all else but her early love for this wreck of humanity, and wiped the death-damp from his brow with loving hands, and whispered words of forgiveness and tenderness.

Richard was gentle enough now.

In those few hours of agony he learnt more than all his wild life had taught him.

Humble and penitent, he listened eagerly to the last prayer he was ever to hear, and then whispered:

"Wife—wife, forgive me—don't tell Mary—the papers are in my bosom. Take them."

What more he said was between God and his own soul, and death gradually composed the once handsome face into such solemn curves and such sharp-cut lines as if they were to last forever.

At length poor Louisa rose, and the rector was about to lead her away, when one of the men who had been busy trying to the last to relieve the poor miner, stepped forward and said gently:

"Mother, I am here too."

Yes, it was Gerald Peel; he had been notified at once of the accident, and none had worked harder for the relief of the sufferer.

But he went home with the rector and Mrs. Allonby now, and the talk he had with her did for her what no physician could have done.

She learnt now that Gerald had not only married Mary with a full knowledge of all, but that he had been bribing the man and watching continually his movements, in order to prevent his annoying Mary or her mother.

"It has been a dreadful watch," he said, wearily and solemnly; "but a little confidence on your part, mother, might have saved us both much suffering.

For answer, she put the Saltham papers in his hands, and said:

"They are well yours. I never want to see them again, Gerald. You have been very good to me."

Those men were heroes who stormed the Malakoff and lit their cigars in the trenches before Vicksburg, but private life has heroes quite as great; I think that Gerald Peel's five years' patience, prudence, and unselfish burden-bearing may make him the brother knight of the peerless Bayard.

A Critic's Confession.

BY L. H.

I was fain to supplement my income, pending the time when my learning, eloquence, and acute instinctive grasp of difficult cases in all their bearings, should have brought the public to my feet—with such literary work as I could obtain.

Having an uncle an editor, and two college friends successful journalists, my efforts were not doomed to that disappointment which awaits the vast majority of young men and women, who are tempted by some early magazine acceptance to engage in that great, never-ending competitive examination, comprised in the endeavor to earn a living out of periodical literature, and I got as much occupation for my pen as I could perform without neglecting my legal studies and prospects. Among other pickings I received a compensation each week for an article in the *Blank Review* a weekly devoted to the reviewing of new books. Ostensibly it was the review of a book, but in reality the said book was the excuse or text for an essay which was intended to be witty, but was too often, I fear, merely flippant.

"I do not care for a dull account of the book you review; all I want is a paper," said the editor. And I did my best.

One of my most facetious papers, I remember, was written apropos of a little volume of poems issued in the orthodox green cover, and entitled "Echoes of the Heart," by "Dora." I did not take the trouble to read them, but just dipped in here and there without even cutting the leaves, to get points for funny "copy." I found one couplet, for example, in which *girl* was made to rhyme with *curl*, whereupon I spelt girl, *gurl*, throughout the article. I called "Dora" *gurl*, drew an imaginary picture of her as a gushing young thing of fifty, with spectacles, and an ink-stained thumb, and suggested that her proper occupation was the artistic cooking of a sheep's heart, rather than writing nonsense about the echoes of her own. I inquired how a heart can have an echo, and insinuated that the Gurl of the Echoing Heart must be a ventriloquist; with a great deal more flippant stuff of the same kind, winding up with an affectedly serious diatribe against postasters of both sexes, and the publishers who print their effusions: a disgraceful article which was exactly to the taste of the *nil admirari* class, from which the readers of the *Blank Review* were principally recruited.

It was during this early period, and at the season when the city is dullest, that I met my old college friend Sinclair in C street, and naturally asked what brought him to town in the autumn.

"I have been ordering a dog cart," he replied; "but why are you not out for a holiday?"

"I have nowhere particular to go to, and no one to go with me. Besides, if I went out I should be paying for my empty chambers all the time, as well as for my temporary lodgings."

"Ay, ay! but still, a breath of country air does a man a world of good. And you can afford it; you have made a good start, and I expect the two ends meet, eh?"

"Yes, but I am waiting till they overlap before I indulge in luxuries."

"Look here," said Sinclair after a pause, "I wish you would come back with me to Altcham this evening."

"You live at Altcham now?"

"Yes, I have taken a furnished house there till the end of September. Rather a pretty place on the banks of the Delaware; lawn sloping to the edge of the river; abundance of fish, they say—I have never caught any; boat house, and all that. My wife took a fancy to the place, and it is just the same to me as any other until the hunting begins."

"Is it far?"

"Oh, no! near Pennville; we shall run down in a couple of hours. It is not any compliment to ask you, I own, for we are monstrous dull. But you have as good as owned that you have nothing to keep you in the city, and it would be very good-natured if you would come along and take an oar."

"Take an oar?"

"Yes; I am rather tired of sculling those two about every afternoon my myself. Some of the girls in the neighborhood have taken to rowing themselves, and letting their husbands, brothers, etc., steer, but my women folk don't seem to see it."

"You speak in the plural?"

"Yes; my wife, you know, must have some one to speak to."

"She has *you*——"

"Pshaw! it is easy to see that you have no experience. Why, we have been married nearly two years! I can't talk of furbelows, and my wife can't talk of hunting. She wants another woman to talk to, and so Miss Filmer is staying with us. And I want a man to talk to, and you will be he, won't you? There is a quiet little room opening out into the garden, where you can do any reading or writing you want, undisturbed. Come!"

He led me to my chambers, made me pack my portmanteau, and had me down to the station and in a railway carriage almost before I had quite made up my mind whether I would go or not.

"You have not forgotten how to row, have you?" he asked, as we rushed through the country.

"No. I fancy not; but I'm not in the condition I was when we rowed in our first boat during the May races. What time do you dine, by the way?"

"We never dine."

"No!"

"No. We breakfast and lunch, and go on the water when the latter meal has been digested, and come back to a cold spread when we have had enough mist and moonlight. It is very romantic, I can assure you."

"No doubt," said I, thinking that I would have a pressing engagement to tear me back to town very soon. "Do you know what nightmare is?"

"Not very well; I saw a picture of it once, in an old almanac, I think."

We stopped at Sinclair's villa. It was a delicious place; the house was white, and wide, and low, and covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, and shaded on three sides by a broad verandah, upon which the French windows of the sitting-room opened. The stables and kitchen were out of sight and smell somewhere; the lawn was cool with trees, and the swiftly flowing river shone at the bottom of it.

A lady sat in a cane chair on the verandah, reading the paper; she heard our voices and rose, and I was introduced to Mrs. Sinclair. My friend had made a good selection; she was handsome, well-dressed, courteous, and hospitable, without knowing it. By which, as I cannot read people's hearts, I, of course, mean that she gave one the impression of not knowing it.

Passing out on to the lawn accordingly, I found another lady with Mrs. Sinclair, and was made acquainted with Miss Filmer, a quiet, retiring little girl, rather nice looking when you came to notice her particularly, which one might very well neglect doing when there were several other girls present. Mrs. Sinclair called her Daisy, and a most appropriate name it was for her. The boat-house, which was also arranged as a convenient bath-house, giving promise of an early plunge next morning, contained an outrigger, a canoe, and a skiff. The latter, which was afloat, and only fastened by a padlock, was loosened, the ladies seated themselves in the stern, Mrs. Sinclair taking the tiller, and as her husband remembered that I had rowed on the stroke side at the college, I was placed on the after-thwart, in easy conversational contact with them. When Sinclair wanted to join in the talk, he had to raise his voice, and to demand repetition of any laughter-causing observation with a "What's that?"

I had not rowed for some time, and my hands were rather tender, but I took it easy, and saved them.

It was a calm and glowing evening, the scenery was that which I like best, the conversation of the ladies was not of furbelows by any means, as Sinclair had put it, but clever, natural, and interesting; so that I was enjoying myself thoroughly, and no longer calculated on an early departure.

"Are you talking about books?" cried Sinclair from the bow. "Mind what you say, Kate; Jones there is quite an authority."

"No, no," said I, "I'm only a hanger-on to journalism."

"Oh, I am so glad that you are a literary man! I do so want a really good opinion about a certain book. Miss Filmer, you must know, is an authoress."

"Oh, no, Kate."

"You are, Daisy, and you are a great deal too diffident. Diffidence is a great bar to success, is it not, Mr. Jones?"

"In my profession—the law—it certainly would be fatal," I replied, laughing. "And in authorship I think that a little confidence is just as well. But what is your work, Miss Filmer—a novel?"

"No; though I am accused of diffidence, I was so ambitious as to write verses. But I was rightly punished for my temerity, and their worthlessness was fully exposed."

"The most disgraceful, the most unmanly, cowardly attack that was ever penned!" cried Mrs. Sinclair indignantly. "Some of the poems are beautiful; all show originality and talent; you shall see them for yourself, Mr. Jones, and judge."

"Oh, no, please!" said Miss Filmer, who looked really distressed.

"I hope you will not refuse me the pleasure of reading them," said I.

"She cannot; you shall have my copy," cried Sinclair from behind me. "I am no judge of poetry myself, but I thought them capital, and so did the publisher—really, you know, because he printed them without making any charge."

"I am afraid he has lost money, poor man," sighed the poetess.

"Oh, Miss Filmer! What was the name of the review that attacked you?"

"The *Blank Review*," replied Mrs. Sinclair for her friend. "Did you ever hear of it?"

"Yes," said I, as carelessly as I could, but a lump began to rise in my throat; "I have seen the periodical. Did Miss Filmer publish under her own name?"

"No, she took the *nom de plume* of 'Dora,' fortunately; I think she would hardly ever have got over the attack, if it had not been for the shelter of a pseudonym."

"Mr. Jones will think me very thin-skinned," said Miss Filmer with a smile; "but I do not think that I should have taken any fair criticism of my book, however severe, to heart. Indeed, some were kind and others harsh, and I set them against one another. But this particular notice seemed to be dictated by personal malice, for it sought to turn me into ridicule, as well as my work. It made me feel as if I had done a bold and unwomanly thing, and certainly cured me forever of authorship. No success would compensate one for being made the object of such attacks."

If I gave you my real name, which of course is not Jones, you would recognise the fact that I am not generally considered deficient in that useful forensic quality—er—suppose we call it *brass*. Even in those early days I was not easily put out of countenance. But on that occasion I did wish that the bottom of the boat would open, and a friendly fish of whale-like proportions absorb me quietly.

For once in my life I did feel most utterly and intolerably ashamed of myself. That pretty little, delicate, gentle girl, so refined, sensitive—oh, it was just as if I had struck a blind man, or an infant!

"That is the old form," gasped Sinclair. "But I—say—you know—we have—to come—back—again."

"You will knock my husband quite up, if you row so fast," said his wife with a smile which had a touch of anxiety in it. And in truth, trying to escape from my reflections, and not aware of what I was about, I had set him a racing stroke, and we were tearing through the water at a grand pace. I eased at once, and presently we turned; I was so thoroughly disconcerted, however, that I made my blistered hands an excuse for changing places, and so shifting the brunt of conversation to Sinclair.

Before we retired that evening, I borrowed the volume of poems. It was indeed the "Echoes of the Heart" which I had treated so unkindly; but why did they let her choose such a provoking title? I read every line before going to bed, and felt more ashamed of myself as I proceeded. It was not merely the verses which rebuked me, though they were more than meritorious, but the kindness, the broad charity, the flashes of eloquent admiration, excited by all that is most noble in humanity, should have guaranteed the book against insult, at all events. I passed a bad night over it, but recovered my self-possession in the morning, and at breakfast expressed myself in terms which brought color into the cheeks and light into the eyes of the poetess. As for the hostile critic, I alluded to him in a way which prevented the ladies ever mentioning his libel again, for fear, as Sinclair told me, lest I should find out who the culprit was, and become engaged in some personal conflict with him. That I might be spared no element of remorse, Miss Daisy proved to be an orphan, and poor; her father, a retired colonel, having fallen into the trap which catches so many old officers, and become director of some company which broke down and swallowed his little property.

However I managed to calm myself down, and tried to make amends by being as agreeable as I could to the young lady I had unwittingly injured. It was rather a dangerous operation, considering that I was several years short of thirty, and she was still younger, but it had the fascination about it which dangerous games often have. What with bathing, boating, and making amends, a fortnight slipped away presently, and when I returned to town at the end of that time, I could hardly be called a free man.

News of Interest

Dom Pedro is going to the Paris Exhibition.

Asia contains half the people of the globe.

The next new territory is to be called Oklahama.

Americans consume twice as much salt as the British.

Silver circulates in Germany side by side with gold.

Japanese workmen always sit down when at work.

Ole Borneman Bull is the full name of the great violinist.

Nearly all the Baptists in the world are in the United States.

Lancaster county, Pa., boasts of a stalk of rye 8 feet 8 inches high.

Two ladies, mother and daughter, are editing the Chicago *Post*.

Every article in the British navy yards is marked to prevent thefts.

A Turkish soldier can support himself on twenty cents a day and save money.

The Russian Government has decided to abolish jury-trials for political offenses.

It was not until 1819 that the protection of emigrants became the subject of legislation.

London is to have a new bridge over the Thames, and it will cost something like $10,000,000.

Stanley says that there is no slave trade in Africa, except what is carried on by the natives.

Virulent cholera has broken out in India. Out of forty-one Europeans attacked thirty died.

The Dallas *Herald* makes an item of the fact that 4,000 murderers are running around loose in Texas.

The colored citizens of Georgia are credited with the possession of property worth $5,480,844.

Mrs. Byram, a cattle farmer of Illinois, took premiums amounting to $1150 at agricultural fairs last fall.

A young lady of Eastford, Conn., engaged herself to five young men last winter, and has just married a sixth.

Berks beats on big feet. In the hamlet of Bernville, Pa., they have a man who wears shoe soles eight inches broad.

The health of the Pope is said to be failing, and his abandonment of the Vatican for some healthier residence is expected.

The fruit crop of the United States of 1877 amounted in value to $140,000,000, or about one-half of the outcome from cereals.

A marriage at common law is valid, no matter what the State statutes provide. At least the United States Supreme Court says so.

A peaceful outlook is reported at most of the European Capitals. The anti-Russian sentiment appears to be gaining strength in Austria.

Beef-eating John Bull is horrified at the opening of a shop in London for the sale of horse flesh. The purchasers are mostly foreigners.

The fact came out in a trial at San Francisco, the other day, that a woman had carried $80,400 in greenbacks concealed in the intricacies of her bustle for nearly six months.

The largest college library in the United States is that of Harvard, containing 150,000 volumes. Of the 352 American colleges, only 16 have libraries of over 25,000 volumes.

The Roman Catholic Church of the United States spends $600,000 yearly among the freedmen of the South, and has 100,000 colored pupils in her schools.

The Earl of Rosebery recently made a strong speech in favor of opening the museums and picture galleries of London to the public on Sunday afternoons.

Lovely Beings.

Nothing fills the eye of man more charmingly than a brilliant complexion, a handsome face with womanly features of marble delicacy, together with all those "little extras," which help make up other prominent and harmless demands. How to improve female complexion, and how to preserve the skin, to combine the useful with the rejuvenating, is now no longer a secret, simply by using a TOILET preparation which is harmless, and FAMOUSLY known as "LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH." It protects, but never destroys, removing all discolorations, freckles, tan, etc. Nothing like it. Depot, 83 John street, New York. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

ONE WORD WITH THEE.

One word with thee—one sweet, yet mournful meeting,
If but to catch again thy low, soft tone,
And clasp thy hand, and feel its warm pulse beating
With love's delicious throb against my own!
If but to catch thine eye and hear thee say,
I will remember thee when far away.

One word with thee—though not of hope or gladness,
On which to muse when we are far apart;
A whisper breathed in silence and in sadness,
To leave a hush for ever in my heart.
One word to treasure in my bosom's core,
Whether we meet again or meet no more.

One word with thee—one brief, yet blissful meeting—
To catch thy voice—where last we met alone;
Whose faintest sigh can set this heart to beating
With thoughts and feelings that it dare not own;
One word of bliss, O God! and can it be
That this may be our last? One word with thee!

THE

Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

It was bitterly hard upon her—she who ought to have been so happy—she with her exquisite beauty, her enormous wealth, her long line of proud ancestry. Yet all this had not gained her the man she loved—the only man she had ever loved. Why were things so unequal? Her three cousins tortured her every time she saw or heard from them—Molly with her matronly airs and conversation, Dorothy, with her bright-haired little lad, and Nell with her dashing soldier-lover and her happy anecdotes and reminiscences of his regiment. Every moment in the presence of the first two brought her own sorrow back in tenfold force. Every loving glance passing between husband and wife, every repetition of the old matrimonial jokes, long since worn out by constant use, brought a pain like the plunging of a dagger through the gentle heart of the Highland heiress, for always came the remembrance that Noel Hammersley was wedded to another—that another woman would lie on his breast, and share his inmost thoughts and hopes. Every touch or action of her cousins' gentle children reminded her that, when wee fingers clasped Noel Hammersley's hands and lisping voices hailed him as "father," he would love them for the love he bore another. On that very afternoon Dorothy Fairlie's little son had put up his wee mouth to be kissed, but Graham had turned away with a shiver and a dumb agony in her eyes which brought the tears to Dorothy's own. Perhaps her love for her cousin was never stronger than when she drove away to meet her brave, loving husband, with the boy who would one day reign in his stead.

During all these weary months the brave Falconer spirit had chafed and fretted against her bitter fate, but at last it seemed as if her rebellious heart must break. Try as she would, she could not teach it to forget the man who had forsaken her. She was no longer angry with him. She only asked herself why he had treated her thus? Why had he left her without one word of farewell or explanation? She went over in her mind their last meeting, when she had felt his hot kisses on her face, and heard the passionate throbbing of his heart—had seen the strong man tremble and shiver at her touch, and heard his almost fierce vows of undying love and devotion repeated again and again. Could any man feign such love as that? Was any man so base, so lost to honor and chivalry, as to play such a part as that? No—a thousand times no! Yet why had he left her? Why had he married another?"

"Oh, Noel, Noel," she wailed, "why did you make me care for you those two long years to throw me away like a soiled glove?"

She was roused from her stupor of grief by the sound of wheels in the courtyard. She rose from the couch on which she had flung herself, put back the ruffled hair from her face, and endeavored to wipe away the tell-tale stains of tears. Almost immediately the butler opened the door, and ushered in the very last person on earth that Graham expected to see. It was Noel Hammersley. He came in without greeting her.

"Is this true?" he gasped, in a hoarse voice.

Graham gazed at him, without attempting to speak.

"Answer me," he said, in a rough manner—"did you write this accursed letter or not?"

"What letter?" asked the poor girl piteously. "I—I don't know what you mean."

For answer he held up a dainty scented note, which ran thus:

"MY DEAR MR. HAMMERSLEY:—I really did not intend to let matters go as far as they did last night. As you have announced your intention of speaking to my trustees, I think I ought to spare you the pain of a public refusal. You must have known as I did from the beginning of our flirtation that it was incumbent upon me in my position to marry the rank of a lieutenant of Dragoons. I trust you will forgive me speaking thus plainly, but really it is necessary that all this nonsense should be ended.

Believe me always your very good friend,

GRAHAM FALCONER."

For a moment Graham stood quite still, then put up her hands to her throat, with a piteous gasping for breath, and fell like a dead woman at his feet.

"Heaven forgive me, I have killed her!" he exclaimed. "Scott was right. My own pretty little darling, how could I have believed, even for an instant, that such a vile thing came from you?"

With infinite tenderness he raised her from the ground and laid her upon a couch, and, kneeling beside her, he kissed the parted lips and sweet, fair face, as though no power in heaven or on earth could take her from him.

Presently she opened her eyes with a little sigh, and, evidently forgetful of what had happened, said gently, "Noel," then closing them, laid her face against his breast like a tired child who had found rest. Slowly, however, the terrible truth returned to her memory, and at length she raised herself, and with trembling hands put him away from her.

"I have no right to be there now," she said, with an attempt to smile.

"Oh, my darling!" cried he, clasping his strong arms around her, "you have a right—the only right—the right of the one woman I have ever loved!"

"I am not your wife," she answered wearily.

"Don't remind me of that!" he almost wailed. "Do you not know that every time I look at or touch that woman, I suffer torments unutterable? Can you not imagine the torture it is to me to know that in my blind rage I have put a barrier between us which only death can sever?"

"Let me go, Noel," said Graham. "In ten minutes time you must say good-bye to me."

"Don't send me away!" he pleaded. "Can you forgive me? Oh, my own love, don't add to my misery!"

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered—"at least not you. That woman has deceived and wronged us, but we must abide by the consequences."

"I will not go!" he cried passionately. "You will not dare to send me away from you!"

"I can, and I will. Just consider for a moment, Noel, what your words really imply."

He raised his eyes to hers.

"Forgive me, darling," he said brokenly. "I think I am going mad."

The trial which had made the strong man almost lose his reason, seemed to inspire the frail woman with supernatural strength of purpose. She laid her small hands, glittering with costly rings, on his shoulders, putting her face in dangerous closeness to his as she stood in front of him. Poor Graham, that was an old caress of hers! So she had stood in the far-off days when they had been so happy. So now she laid them instinctively, when unutterably desolate woe had overwhelmed them, till the yearning passion in Noel's eyes warned her that even this much she might not do. As she was moving away he caught her and held her close to him.

"As long as you are here I will listen to whatever you choose to say," he said doggedly; "move away one inch and I refuse to quit Ordmore at all."

"You are making it a great deal harder for me to do right," rejoined Graham faintly.

"I must have something to give me strength to live until I can claim you," he said resolutely.

"Well, then, will you hear what I have to say?"

"Yes, my darling."

"Then, when you go away to-night you must never see me again."

"Not whilst that woman lives?"

"Don't look like that, Noel—you frighten me."

"Frighten you, my darling!" he exclaimed. "My own love, I would not harm you for the world. I'll do whatever you tell me—though I shall hunger and long for you always. I will never let you see me, though sometimes I may want to catch a glimpse of you when I'm half or wholly mad for the want of you."

"Where are you going after you leave me?" inquired Graham, after a long silence.

"Abroad," he answered shortly.

"That is better," she said gently; "perhaps some day you will forget our trouble, and, if your children——"

"Graham!" he exclaimed haughtily, "you don't suppose I am going back to that woman?"

"That is your duty," answered she quietly, with an agony of pain in her gray eyes.

"Then I never will—never will! Go back to the woman who deliberately wrote—nay, forged a lie? Even if I could forgive her for parting us, I could never forget the other."

"But, Noel, you married her," she wailed, with, oh, such piteous woe in her sweet voice.

"Because I was sore and angry, and she seemed so gentle and loving; she seemed to love me so; and, though I could not have my own happiness, I thought she should have hers. I wanted, too, to punish you. Heaven forgive me! I did not dream how well I should succeed."

"Then you saw her the next day?"

"Yes, my darling. I stayed in town nearly a week, and then George Ellingham persuaded me to go down into South Wales to stay with his people. I had been there only two days when she came, and, whether she gave them to understand that I was engaged to her or not, I don't know, but when we went back to town it ended in the marriage."

"And how did you find out about the letter? Did she tell you?"

"Not she!" he answered, with unutterable scorn in voice and face. "We went abroad, and, after loitering about Rome and Venice, she expressed a wish to see Monaco, so to Monaco we went; it didn't matter to me where we were."

"Tell me," interrupted Graham, "how did you—at least, every day how did you——"

"Get on? Oh, well enough till I found her out!" said he bitterly. "I assented to everything she said or wished, and she did all the love-making. Ah, faugh, don't speak of it! Well, we got to Monaco about a fortnight ago, and Hilda seemed to like it more than she expected; so there we made up our minds, or she hers, to stay. On Thursday morning she complained of headache, and stayed on the sofa while I went on the promenade. I had been lounging about for some time, when, to my amazement, I saw Douglas Scott coming towards me. Without thinking of his relationship to you, I went to meet him, and held out my hand. To my intense astonishment he refused to take it. 'No, Mr. Hammersley, I dont' take the hand of a scoundrel!' Something of the truth flashed across my mind, and I turned to the others standing about and asked them to clear out and leave us alone. At first they demurred, evidently expecting a row; but at last Douglas and I were left alone.

"'Now, Douglas,' I said as calmly as I could, 'tell me what I have done to deserve this.'

"'Done?' he repeated. 'Why, good Heaven, man, have you no conscience at all?'

"'You are speaking of Miss Falconer,' I said. 'Well, I grant you there is always a degree of odium attached to a man who has been jilted; but I should not have thought that with old friends like you and I——'

"'A man who has been jilted?' he repeated. 'I don't know what you mean. Graham Falconer never jilted you.'

"'Read this,' I said, taking that letter out of my pocket-book and handing it to him.'

"He read it through more than once, and then held out his hand. 'Forgive me, old fellow,' he said at last, 'and Heaven help you, for I can see there has been some devil's work here! You might have taken your oath Graham never wrote this.' And so I might, darling," he broke off sadly—"so I might."

Graham did not speak—she could not for the sobs which were rising in her throat—and Noel continued:

"I was so blind with mad rage that I could not recognize the master-hand of iniquity which had penned those lines. I went back to the hotel with Douglas—they were staying in the same house as we were—and went into the room where Nell was sitting. Douglas told her all about it, and poor warm-hearted Nell burst out crying. I got your address from her, and then went to my own room, which was at the other side of the house. Hilda was sitting by the window, but rose to meet me. 'Don't trouble to make any display of affection,' I said.

"'What is the matter, Noel?' she asked, in a frightened voice.

"'The matter is that I have found you out. I am going back to England at once. You are at perfect liberty to go where you please—only understand, after to-day you will never see me again.'

"She flung herself down on her knees before me and behaved in the loathsome manner she is so partial to, shrieking out something about having done it for love of me—for love," he muttered between his teeth. "However I left her grovelling on the floor, and there she may stay forever if she pleases. She has seen her last of me."

During this recital Graham's golden head sank lower and lower against his breast, until her face was entirely hidden. Without raising it, she whispered:

"For better for worse, till death us do part."

"I consider myself released from that he said; "but if you tell me to go back to her I will do so."

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the girl, raising her blanched face, "have you no pity for me? Why, Noel, do you make my duty so terrible and bitterly hard to me?"

"If you will ask me to go back to her, Graham," he persisted doggedly, "I will do it."

"It is your duty, and you know it!" she cried passionately, "but I cannot ask you to do it. Ah, my darling, go now whilst I have strength to bear it! I cannot endure this agony much longer!"

"You will keep true—as true as I have not been?"

"Yes."

For one moment he held her close to his breast, and then, without a word, turned away. At the door he looked back once more.

She was deadly pale, and her eyes were black with unshed tears.

He strode to her side and took her in his arms again.

"Heaven bless and keep my sweet, gentle love!" he murmured, and then hurried away.

Graham heard the sound of his footsteps echoing along the corridor and across the hall; then the sound of wheels gradually dying away told her that the parting was indeed over. She tried to move to the fire, for she was cold as with the chill of death, when suddenly the room faded away, and blank darkness shut her sorrow out and she knew no more.

CHAPTER XVI., AND LAST.

Weeks wore away, and months passed into years, and gradually the light came to Graham's eyes. It is not possible to grieve always; and so much busied was she about her estate and so constantly amused by her cousins that after a time she found herself laughing as merrily as she had ever done in the old days before her trouble came upon her.

By common consent Noel was never spoken of. When Nell and Douglas returned from Italy, they at once rejoined the regiment, so that Graham did not see them till they paid her their farewell visit before departing for India. Amongst themselves the "Wyvill girls" speculated on the probability of their cousin's marriage, but there their comments ceased. Dorothy had indeed once hinted that a certain young nobleman meant more than mere friendship, but Graham had immediately become so frozen and stiff that she was glad to change the subject and talk of something else.

It was nearly two years after her last interview with Noel that Graham determined to visit a little watering place on the Yorkshire coast. With her usual profuseness, a furnished house was taken large enough to have accommodated three times her household. It was late in September when Graham, with Mrs. Wyvill and the twins took up their abode there. Adele and Cecile did not remain very long, for they were engaged to visit Dorothy at Linley.

One day, soon after breakfast, Graham went out by herself for a long walk on the cliffs. She had acquired a habit of indulging in these long rambles, for her cousins were soon tired, and preferred sauntering up and down the pier to the music of a bad band. She returned shortly after noon, and to reach her house had to descend the cliff and cross a portion of the sands, passing up along the pier, and so home by the esplanade.

The cliff is made tolerably easy of ascent and descent by a series of widely-cut steps winding along its face; these steps are protected by a railing, which also serves as a hand-rail. About half-way down is a little resting place, consisting of a bench placed somewhat aside from the path. As Graham neared this, she became aware that the seat was occupied, and also that the occupant was suffering from a disagreeable hacking cough. She could just see the tip of a white feather, but before she could get a glimpse of the lady's face she burst into a paroxysm of the most terrible coughing that Graham had ever heard. She rushed forward to her assistance, and to her horror saw that it was Hilda Hammersley!

Had she been a less noble woman, she would probably have left her; but no such thought entered Graham's generous heart. She forgot the past as completely as if it had never been; she only remembered that a fellow creature was alone and suffering.

The agony, which threatened every instant to choke the sufferer, lasted some time; but at last it subsided, and Hilda lay back in her rival's arms, her head pillowed against the breast of the woman she had wronged so bitterly, and Graham was enabled to see what a pitiable wreck she had become. She was evidently in the last stages of consumption. Her eyes were terribly sunken, and showed darkly through the transparent lids; her mouth was pinched and drawn, and the whole outline of her jaw was plainly visible; her breath came in gasping sobs, and the wild beating of her heart showed what a fierce one the struggle had been. After a little time she opened her eyes and regarded Graham blankly.

"You are better now," said Graham, in her gentlest tone. "I will take you home; but you must promise me not to venture up here by yourself again."

"Is it possible?" asked Hilda in a faint, quavering voice, "that you would stop to help me?"

"I hope so," was the answer. "I should indeed be very wicked to do anything else."

"After what I did?"

"We will not speak of that; the past cannot be undone, and we are none of us perfect."

Hilda tried weakly to move from the shelter of the arm which was supporting her with a tenderness she had not felt since she lost her mother; but Graham reproved her gently.

"You must keep still, or the coughing will return. I will take care of you."

She did take care of her as though she had been her own sister instead of the woman who had made her so miserable. She found, when she reached her hotel, that Mrs. Hammersley was utterly alone, save for her maid, who gave her a sad account of her intense sufferings. In spite of Hilda's protestations, she carried her off to her own house and nursed her until the end.

The end was not long in coming. Although the best London physicians were sent for, nothing could be done. All that was left for Graham was to smooth the path and alleviate in some degree the sufferings of the woman whom she had so much to forgive.

"I don't say I am sorry," she gasped just before the close. "I had him for a little while, so I cannot regret. Still, I should die happier if I thought you had forgiven me."

"So I do," said Graham gently.

"You are a noble woman," answered the sufferer. "If my poor mother were living, she would bless you for this; perhaps she does now, although you do not know it. I wonder if I shall see her when all this is over? Ah, Miss Falconer, I cannot think Heaven will punish my sin more than it has been punished already. We are punished as we go on. Oh, do you not think it was torture to me know that every hour and every day he was pining for you—that, after I had risked so much to win him, I had not gained my object? Well, well, he will be able to marry the woman he loves now."

"Don't speak of that," said Graham soothingly.

But Hilda did speak of it again and again, until at last the faint voice ceased and the dark eyes closed in the sleep of death.

* * * * *

A year later the whole Wyvill family are once more gathered together in the old house in the Cathedral close.

On the morrow a double wedding is to be solemnized. Francis has chosen one of the very sweetest girls in the whole city of Idleminster for his bride, and at last Noel and Graham are to become all in all to each other. Molly and Dorothy are there with their husbands and children, the Wyvill comeliness deepened and increased by the unmistakable signs of happy married life; so also is Conny, now engaged to Mr. Blake, and looking forward to seeing Nell before another year is over, for Willy Blake was three months ago presented to an Indian chaplaincy, and Conny was without difficulty persuaded to cast in her lot with his. Present, too, are the twins, together as of old, with arms close entwined about each other's waist, and with ruddy, golden locks mingling, though Adele has been for several months Baroness Riversworth, and Cecile is thinking very seriously of Lord Riversworth's younger brother Wilfred, captain in the Royal Navy. There are Mrs. Wyvill and her sister-in-law, deep in a discussion on the merits of blue or scarlet for Dorothy's last baby—the fourth—and Lucy Vincent, one of the brides elect, who, with Francis, has been *perdu* for the last hour, but who is standing with her hands on Mrs. Wyvill's shoulders, with anything but the usual dislike young ladies are supposed to have for their mothers-in-law; and, last of all, there is Graham walking slowly up and down the rhododendron walk with Noel Hammersley.

With the bright October sun pouring down upon them, and the merry voices of the little ones ringing in their ears, they pace the gay garden-walk, treading once more that roseate path from which, three years ago they had been thrust so very rudely.

Adele, who sings superbly, has lately got a little song, which she carols morning, noon, and night. She is singing a verse of it now:

"'They met again in the after years,
In Life's sad, sorrowful time;
Their heads were heavy with age and tears,
And white with the Winter rime.'"

"We are not quite so bad as that," says Graham, laughing.

"No, your head is heavy with the weight of its own hair; but I have plenty of gray hairs sprinkled through mine," remarks Noel.

"'Oh, love for a year, a week, a day—
But alas for the love that loves alway!'"

"My darling," said Noel fondly, "we will defy Lady Riversworth and her singing, and bring her own life as witness against her. Just look at Riversworth now. Did you ever see such a delicious mixture of love and admiration, with just a trifle of proud possession, in all your life? And Riversworth is nearly forty, and has been married six months! No, depend upon it, true love——"

"'Alas for the love that loves alway!'"

sings Lady Riversworth again.

"Nonsense!" is Noel's comment.

"Not always!" is Graham's gentle answer.

Both are silent, for in the memory of each is the instance of one who had loved wildly, blindly, madly, from first to last, but whose love had brought only sorrow to herself and others.

At this moment a servant came out upon the lawn with a yellow envelope in her hand. It contains congratulations from Nell in her far-off Indian home. The ready tears come into Mrs. Wyvill's eyes, but her daughters look at each other with brave smiles, and say, as with one voice:

"Dear Nell!"

[THE END.]

PLANETARY POPULATION.

On the interesting question of the plurality of worlds, Professor Newcomb remarks as follows: "Enthusiastic writers not only sometimes people the planets with inhabitants, but calculate the possible population by the number of square miles of surface and throw in a liberal supply of astronomers, who scan our earth with powerful telescopes. The possibility of this it would be presumption to deny; but that it is extremely improbable, at least in the case of any one planet, may be seen by reflecting on the brevity of civilization on our globe when compared with the existence of the globe itself as a planet. The latter has probably been revolving in its orbit 10,000,000 years; man has probably existed on it less than 10,000 years; civilization, less than 4,000; telescopes, little more than 200. Had an angel visited it at intervals of 10,000 years to seek for thinking beings, he would have been disappointed a thousand times or more. Reasoning from analogy, we are led to believe that the same disappointments might await him who should now travel from planet to planet, and from system to system, on a similar search, until he had examined many thousand planets."

St. Petersburg has 68,000 houses.

DOOR-POSTS.

BY CELANIRE.

"Door-post," a word of good Saxon, deserves, I think, a somewhat kinder treatment than it has received at the hands of Webster. That gentleman, in his dictionary, omits the word altogether—no doubt considering it an upstart, and therefore unworthy of attention.

Nevertheless, door-post has an etymological lineage quite as old and respectable as any word in our language.

On one side, its descent may be traced through the French *poste*, German *posten*, Italian *posta*, back to the Latin *postis*, so that it is allied to the great family of *pono, positum*, from which have sprung so many important words.

On the other side, its genealogy extends far back through the pure Anglo-Saxon, the Icelandic, Russian, and Greek tongues, to the Sanscrit itself.

A door-post is, properly speaking, one-half the jamb, or vertical part of the frame into which the door swings. In constructing a doorway, upright posts of wood are first erected, called scantlings; to these are fastened the rabbetings and door-stop, the piece of wood against which the door shuts; then on the two sides of the posts, to hide the joints, are placed thin moldings of the same material as the posts themselves. If the top of the doorway is to be horizontal, it is formed in the same way, and then mitered with the posts at the side.

Among the Greeks the posts were often inclined from the perpendicular, making the space between them smaller at the top than at the bottom. The doors which fitted such entrances had the property of shutting themselves, and were much used, especially in the temples.

Though generally of wood or marble, door-posts are sometimes made from other materials, as for instance, bronze, which was used in the Assyrian temples of Belus.

In some of the old Gothic buildings of Europe may be seen huge stone doorways, with niches in the posts for images.

But, apart from the material from which it is made, whether wood, marble, or bronze, every door-post has an individuality of its own. Even in a row of houses, all built after the same pattern, one can readily enough tell the door-posts apart.

Perhaps A's is cleaner than B's; C's may have a piece chipped out by some careless servant; D's, no doubt, has been pencil-marked with caricatures by "that boy," E's own son and heir, who has just quarreled with young D, and takes this means of venting his wrath; and so, to the end of the chapter.

In an ordinary street, door-post individuality is still more marked. Some door-posts, though short and thick set, have such an easy, comfortable, jolly air, that it does one's heart good to see them; others contrast with these in having a look of demure neatness; and still others rise, slender and tall to their archways above in a dignified air, that seems to say, "Look at us; we are the aristocrats of the street."

In my daily walks, I sometimes pass an old flour mill, every inch of whose walls bears some record of the building's history during the past twenty years. The frames of its doors and windows are so well dusted with flour that it would be impossible to clean them; and the barrels that have been rolled in and out of its doors have worn quite a hollow in its posts.

Further up the street is a candy-shop, and here the door-posts are marked with sticky finger-prints of various heights from the ground. For these I was unable to account, until one day saw a group of children, with hands and mouths full of candy, measuring off each other's heights against the post. It was evidently a favorite resort for such proceedings.

Just around the corner from this place is a broken down door-way, one of whose posts has sunken; but it still wears its slanting cornice with a jaunty air, and looks altogether so dilapidated, and yet so knowing, that it makes one think of "Little Breeches," "Peert 'n' chipper 'n' sassy."

If door posts are like people, does it follow, I wonder, like the "conversely" of a geometrical proposition, that people are like door-posts? Are we all made perfect at first, and do we afterward become scarred and soiled by the world's rough usage?

No! that is carrying one's moralizing too far. After all, the only moral to be learned from the subject is a pretty practical one:

"Keep the door-posts clean!"

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city, have published "A Trip Up the Volga to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod," by H. A. Munro, Butler Johnstone. This work contains a great deal of information, is interesting, and is thoroughly reliable as regards the sources of the author's knowledge. The volume is opportune, for it gives us a glance at Russia and her resources, in a very vivid form. It is a novel and valuable contribution to the literature of travel. The work is handsomely printed in large clear type upon good paper, and contains thirteen graphic illustrations. 12mo. cloth extra; price $1.25.

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York, send us their publication of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's new novel entitled "Pogganuc People, Their Loves and Lives." As a history of humanity in a certain section of New England, this story is unique. It is full of interest from beginning to end. It embodies all of the characteristics of Mrs. Stowe's genius. A quiet yet a deep story is this of the Pogganuc people, and it shows everywhere the artist hand. It is a 12mo. volume of 375 pages, bound in fine cloth. Price $1.50. For sale by our well known publishers, Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger send us their splendid publication, "Off in a Comet, a Journey Through Planetary Space," (a sequel to the Sun) from the French of Jules Verne, by Edward Roth. This is a most amusing and most suggestive story by that marvellous writer who has usurped the domain of the scientific in fiction. It is superbly printed and illustrated, there being thirty-six full page original illustrations of highest merit, and the binding is beautiful with an illustration in gold and black stamped upon the cover. Pages, 472.

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, have published a sprightly and charming little story by Henry James, Jr., entitled "Watch and Ward." It is in Mr. James' best style, and those of our readers who know his work recognize him as a literary artist of high merit. The book contains 219 pages, beautifully printed and bound, and it makes a charming pocket volume. Price $1.25.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, publish "Rothmel," by the author of "That Husband of Mine." It is a very entertaining story, written in good style, and full of life and humor. Bound in fine cloth, 371 pages; price $1.50.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard also publish "Blunton, a Story of To Day," by M. J. Savage. The author in a prefatory note says that the incidents of his narrative are founded on fact. The moral of the story is well brought out and the tale is interesting. Pp. 248; bound in fine cloth, price $1.50.

All of the above works are for sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Colby & Rich, of Boston, have published and send us "The Psycho-physiological Sciences and Their Assailants," being a response to sundry attacks upon psychic science by Prof. W. B. Carpenter, of England, and others. The author analyzes Prof. Carpenter's objections, and views the subject upon all sides in a fair and strong manner One vol., paper, 216 pp.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, issue a novel called "The Clifton Picture," belonging to the "Odd Trump" series of novels, by the author of "The Lacy Diamonds," etc. A good story of 312 pages, beautifully printed. Cloth $1.25, paper 75c.

MAGAZINES.

The Popular Science Monthly Supplement for June, published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, contains ten excellent articles. The initial article, "A Modern Symposium," is the beginning of a spirited debate between Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. Grant Duff, and Mr. Frederic Harrison upon the subject: "Is the Popular Judgment in Politics More Just than that of the Higher Orders?"—of course this whole discussion is taken from an English standpoint, but is very thoughtful and readable. "Giordano Bruno and Galileo Galilei" is the title of the second article, which treats of the parallel or difference between these two champions of the Copernican astronomy; "Spread Eagle Philosophy" is a paper calculated to dampen the enthusiasm of the Rev. Joseph Cook's admirers; Prof. W. Preyer has a good article on "Animal Magnetism;" R. W. Dale gives us part II. of his "Impressions of America;" Prof. Grant Allen treats of the "Origin of Flowers;" there is an able paper by Prof. Goldwin Smith, "The Greatness of the Romans;" an ingenious scientific essay on the "Economy of Nitrogen" follows,—this is a paper worth considering, as it raises startling theories respecting the waste of one of the most useful elements in nature; "The Hintons, Father and Son," by George Peard, is a most interesting sketch of a life of culture; "Nature's Teachings," in a brief essay, gives valuable and interesting hints; the "Brief Notes" are also full of interest.

The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature, published by E. R. Pelton, of New York, reaches us for June. "The Americans in Turkey," the initial article, throws new light on certain possessions of ours in the East; "Some Thoughts on Design in Nature" is good; Rev. R. W. Dale's "Impressions of America" are here in the first number; there is a live essay on the great caricaturist "Cruikshank;" "On the Hardenberg" is an imitative poem after the manner of Heine, but far from the spirit of that master; there is an exhaustive article on "Future Punishment" which gives the present state of the question, "The First Ten Years of the Canadian Dominion," by Goldwin Smith, is entertaining; "Round the World in a Yacht" is worth reading; "Ancient Times and Ancient Men" is a profound essay; Wm. Black's novel, "Macleod of Dare," is continued; "The Farmer's Daughter" is a Tennysonian echo; "To Ethel" is a poem by Austin Dobson; there is a good sketch of the life of Pope Leo XIII., with a portrait; then follow Literary Notices, Foreign Literary Notes, Science and Art, and Variety, each department crowded with excellent matter.

The Philadelphia Druggist and Chemist for May contains a variety of first-rate matter in its line. "A Plea for Pure Milk" is a very practical as well as a scientific paper. In the original department there are five other good articles—"Elixirs," by L. E. Sayre; "Patent Medicines;" "What to Study and How to Study It;" "Selections from an Introductory Address," containing a very good and truthful picture of a drug store which has gone to seed, "Glycerite of Vitalized Hypophosphites." In the editorial department there is a good paper on "Professional Nonsense," and a host of useful hints.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Attention to little things is the economy of virtue.

Love's words are written on rose leaves, but with tears.

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

That of which proud people are often proudest is their pride.

Hope may bud under clouds, but it blows only in sunshine.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.

If you wish to pronounce an impartial judgment, accept no favor.

Juggling with ourselves is the first step in almost every wickedness.

Don't tell unlikely or silly stories, even if you know them to be true.

If you must speak upon a difficult point, be the last speaker, if you can.

Those who are honest "as the best policy," are halfway to being rogues.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we want.

One is never conscientious during action: only the looker-on has a conscience.

Dignity is expensive, and without other good qualities, it is not particularly profitable.

"When I shall be a-man!" is the poetry of childhood; "When I was young!" the poetry of old age.

Many beat about the wall with a hammer, fancying at every blow that they hit the nail on the head.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.

Hate is an active, envy a passive, displeasure; it need not surprise us, therefore, to see how quickly envy becomes hate.

In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society we are required only to say them.

Do the happy really believe that one who suffers is bound to perish with the dignity which the Roman populace required of the gladiator?

Everybody has peculiarities which he cannot get rid of; and yet, however harmless they may be, they are frequently the cause of a man's failure.

In reality, there is perhaps not one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride; disguise it as we may, every now and then it peeps out.

Tears do not dwell long on the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the maturer flower, and breaks down that which has lived its day.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in our roads; the wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to rise out of them.

Man is of so obstinately contradictory a nature that he will not allow himself to be forced to his own advantage, yet suffers constraints of all kinds which tend to do him harm.

A particular want of good sense in many sensible people consists in their not knowing how to interpret what another has said, when he has not said it precisely as he should have done.

In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart, in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Prof. Schem's History of

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 8, 1878.

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SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

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FEMININITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

MISCELLANY.

CASQUE AND GLOVE, the new serial, by Hale Lewison, begins in this number.

Now is the time for leisurely mental delights—reading and the study of the summer nature.

THE beauty of sublime landscape is depicted in our companion oleographs of Thomas Moran's grand paintings—"The glory of the East—The White Mountains;" the glory of the West—"The Yellowstone."

No more effective contrasts to be hung side by side on a wall, could be found than our two oleograph premiums. There is a delicacy of color about each which will lend an air of refinement to any room.

THE LADIES DEPARTMENT of the POST has met with such signal favor that we would like very much to oblige our many readers by extending the space allotted to it. This, however, owing to the pressure of our variety of other matter, is impossible, but the special columns devoted to this able and thoughtful criticism of Fashions, and of household recipes, are always replete with the choicest hints upon such topics, and give in the most detailed, yet graphic form, the results of the week's investigation of the editor in her search among the shops and *magazins* of fashion in this city and in New York for the latest and best styles—not only of toilettes and their materials, but also concerning the trimming, embroidery, laces, etc., and the relative cost of the same.

ATLANTIC CITY is not only, by its natural advantages, one of the most delightful seaside resorts, but through the energy and enterprise of the Camden & Atlantic Railroad Company, has been made a most recherche, fashionable and comfortable summer and winter watering place. It has many natural advantages—the air is peculiarly beneficial to invalids, the bathing, sailing and fishing facilities unsurpassed, and its nearness to this city is a great point with business men. Four new Woodruff parlor cars have just been put on the line; they are elegant and comfortable, and were built expressly for use on the *old reliable broad gauge* road. They run with all the express trains, so that the journey to Atlantic City is now of itself a source of pleasure, by reason of the very comfort and accommodation extended to passengers.

A LIVE critic says very truly: "To refuse to read novels is to cut one's self off from one of the deepest wells and most sparkling streams of modern thought, couched in the most extraordinary brilliancy of diction, and versatility of conception. The practical Charles Reade placed 'let us be of our age' in the mouth of the son of the hero of 'Hard Cash,' and of our age we cannot be if we eschew all that flood of delicate fiction and the romance of life which reaches us in the guise of the novel of to-day." Fiction has certainly never reached a greater height since its inception in the eighteenth century, than at present, and if we look upon the best works of art in this line of literature, we must confess that, considering the immense advance of the novel, in point of merit, and its great popularity, the day is not far off when it shall supplant the drama, and really be the instructor as well as the entertainer of the people. A vast amount of trashy stories are written and printed, and sold, but they all have their day, and are forgotten. People buy them because they want something new, and cannot get better books, or if they could, probably could not comprehend them; but literary art, like all other art, is changing its form, and as the demand in this country for good sterling fiction is becoming so great already, we predict that men and women of the best talent will supply the need of the reading and thinking age to which they minister. But the artistic part of story-writing is not to be learned off-hand. There is sore labor in the attempt, and much discouragement to the tyro. It is only after years of hard practice, that facility to record one's thoughts and impressions is attained, and only then can the writer hope to reproduce in a live narrative the experiences of his or her observation. Let us have good fiction and plenty of it; the more original, the more dramatic, the more artistic the better.

"ON DANGEROUS GROUND."

A powerful and highly interesting serial, by Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore, will appear in the next number of the POST. The deep insight into the lights and shades of social life, the philosophy and the high moral excellence of this story make it one of the purest novels of the day in tone and in literary aim. The gifted authoress depicts man and woman as creatures moving under the guidance of a divine morality, and the exciting situations of the story, which touch upon strong temptations and strong resolves, are as masterly as they are powerful in effect. Our readers will find this story of Mrs. Moore's one of the literary treats of the season.

THINGS WORTH LIVING FOR.

Except among those unfortunate souls who, through some error of their own or other people's creation, have been brought to a species of despair, everybody has something worth living for, and when we speak of the value of existence in this regard, we must look at it in a purely unselfish light, for though an individual owes it to himself to think of himself, and act for his own self-protection and self-respect, yet we are all of us miserable mortals if we do not have some other object of love, duty and sympathy; and we naturally live for that other object, and not for ourselves. There are so many glorious things with which God has blessed us on this little planet of ours, which are worth living for, that it is a pity and a shame that there is so much unhappiness, repining and ingratitude.

All is not vanity when we look with the eye of a divine faith and feel with the innate tuition of a divine soul, into the question of our lives. The meanest creature was not made in vain, and the active man and woman were surely not. There is in every one of us the power to make our lives sweet, and to sweeten around us a circle of other lives, to distribute the best we have among them and do good to our fellow-man. There is the power in every one of us to learn the lessons of true happiness and to teach them to others who need them; they who find nothing in life worth living for; they who must be taught to see and feel the beauty and the sweet omnipotence of good in the world.

Love is worth living for; it binds and cements the human world into a brotherhood which is immortal, and it brings in the sweet and happy homes which make men blessed, and therefore happy homes are worth living for, and it is for the sake of the great human brotherhood that men live for their homes and their wives, and their children, and battle the world for them, and as there is nothing on earth which can compare to this the "only bliss of Paradise which has survived the fall," with the name of Home, Sweet Home, crowd all, cluster all the dear things which are worth living for—mother, father, wife, husband, little ones! These are worth living for, and it is because of this hallowed domestic circle, that men and women look out into God's nature and see fields that are green, flowers that are vivid and redolent, skies blue and wondrous with color by day, and wondrous with stars by night, the sublime ocean, the sacred mountains, the teeming life of river and forest, the glory of the seasons, the infinite lavish goodness of the Creator, and that these things are worth living for, also.

SANCTUM CHAT.

MEISSONIER, the wonderful painter of those gems of art which have made his name famous throughout the world, paints everything direct from nature. For his "Cuirassiers Drawn up in Line of Battle," painted for the Exposition, he painted from a model of a real live cuirassier in full uniform, who was seated in open daylight upon a wooden horse.—Of course the artist paints the horse, when he has finished the rider, from a live specimen also.

THE interest which is being felt at present in rifle-shooting is an index to the awakening of our people to a sense of the value of such sports which combine physique and skill, and which tend to make the sound body and the sound brain, and the well poised temperament, both physical and mental. It is in every respect a manly sport, without being a violent one, and it requires the best conditions of physical health for its exercise, and it should be encouraged.

THE late George Cruikshank was a most prolific draughtsman. It is not computed how many drawings, large and small, he executed from the beginning of his career until a few months of his death. A large portion of his pictures, drawings and sketches were sold lately in London. The number of his pictures sold was 180. The Worship of Bacchus, containing more than 1,000 figures, from which the picture in the National gallery was made, was sold for $163. Cruikshank's table and chair sold for nineteen guineas. The sale realized a very large sum.

IT is one significant sign that the Americans are waking up to a sense of art, that the architectural designs of those dwellings and business places which are now erected, are a great improvement in every respect over those built twenty or thirty years ago. Architecture, as one of the most useful branches of the fine arts, certainly does not show to disadvantage in the elegant villas, mansions and stores which are to be seen now in all sections of the country springing up and taking the place of the square box-like tenements of olden days. Whatever breaks the monotony of line in the effect of a piece of architecture improves it, and we shall soon, it is to be hoped, do away altogether with the dull and tasteless uniformity of long rows of houses, such as are seen in many of the larger cities of this country.

To please all tastes is the peculiar duty of an editor. A live weekly paper must contain good things for all palates. It is a cornucopia of mixtures, some readers like a variety of serials, some never read the continued stories, but read with avidity all the short ones; some like the poetry, and all the facetiæ; some read only the scientific and useful and the sanctum chat, and want to know what the editor has to say, since he talks directly to them. Some read the miscellany with most interest. On the whole, there is nothing which a good paper ought not to do to please its patrons, provided that their demands be reasonable and righteous, but there are cases when any conscientious editor would refuse to please, simply because he would be acting according to the dictate of conscience and morality, which must be invariably the governing powers of all good and wholesome literary matter.

THE London ladies have had their own way, it seems, for in the new club they have established, "The Russell," in Regent street, they have set apart a portion of the house for the masculines, which contains billiards, cards, smoking and dining rooms, and it has been significantly enjoined that in no other part of the club will smoking be allowed. But, gentlemen being members of the club are not excluded from other, and more attractive rooms, as the gentlemen are to have their private drawing-rooms. But for the rest the reading-room, the writing-room, the dining-room, the music room, and larger drawing-room may be used in common, as are all the public rooms in a well-ordered hotel. Members of the Russell club out for a day's shopping or sight-seeing, or round of visits, may call in at their own club, and feel as much at home as if they had been dropped at their own doors. In point of comfort and elegance, the Russell club will bear comparison with the most favored home.

THE ancient Greeks had their novel, or romance, and it originated not later than the age of Augustus, and had two chief lines of descent. One of these was purely Greek, and is represented by Xenophon, the Ephesian (probably not later than 360 A. D.) in his elegant, but somewhat frigid Tale of Ephesus, the love story of Anthia and Habrocomes, and by the charming pastoral romance, Daphnis and Chloe, which bears the name of Longus. The other series was influenced through Syria by Oriental, and especially by Indian fiction. Its best representative is Heliodorus. His Tale of Æthiopia relates to the fortunes of Charicles, a priestess at Delphi, and Theagenes, a Thessalian, with whom she flies to Egypt. After many perils and separations they reach Æthiopia, and are on the point of being immolated to the sun and moon, when it is discovered that Charicles is the daughter of the Æthiopian king, having by a miracle been born white, and the union of the lovers is followed by the introduction of a more humane religion.

SOME prattler in criticism whose name is unknown, but whose gabble forms part of an otherwise excellent magazine, asks, "Why is it that literary men so seldom master the idea of plastic and graphic art?" Before attempting to answer such a question, we might also ask, "Why do not literary men master their own art?" If they made literature their study they would not talk gush and nonsense about painting and sculpture, engraving and the other fine arts which they never can master, and therefore much less criticise. The trash which literary men put forth in regard to art, is simply monstrous. It is only the master of the brush or the chisel who can really give an opinion upon the technique of his art, not the literary swaggerer and word-painter. A literary man ought to learn every art from watch-making and engine-building up to fresco painting and violin playing, in order to talk intelligently of them. The literary men cannot do better than devote themselves to their own last. Cramming for a three-column article is not learning an art, no matter how learnedly it may be treated.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Paris, speaks of the gorgeous jewelry display at the Exposition. There is a garland, or rather a long branch of fuchsias, in diamonds, exquisitely graceful in design. It is intended to be worn in the hair, but by means of a subtle arrangement of pins and clasps it can be transformed into a large and elaborate brooch, with ear-rings to match. A bracelet composed of a narrow circlet of diamonds, sapphire, rubies and emeralds, is shown, which can be turned into three handsome rings for every-day wear. There is also a brooch representing a carelessly-tied bow-knot of lace, and composed of very small diamonds. There is a diamond necklace also, representing a lace collar, the pattern being most beautifully and delicately worked. There is a magnificent parure of sapphires. The set comprises ear-rings, ring, bracelet, pendant and necklace, the diadem not being yet completed. The centre stone of the pendant is a sapphire about the size of a pigeon's egg, of a perfect oval in shape, and in color a dark lustrous blue, without a stain or flaw. This matchless gem is set in a single row of large diamonds. It is suspended from a chain of diamond leaves linked together at intervals by square sapphires. A collar-necklace and diamonds and sapphires may be worn with this chain and pendant, or can be used separately. The ear-rings are large, square sapphires, rimmed with diamonds.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—IX.

COMPILED BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF "ON DANGEROUS GROUND" BY E. S. L.—ITS VINDICATION AND JUSTIFICATION BY THE LATE JOHN S. HART, L. L. D.

"It is still as true as ever that the writer is born, not made. All creative power is the especial gift of Heaven."

"The ideal novel should represent the tendencies of the age—its aspirations, weaknesses, and characteristics. Few will deny that a novel at all coming up to this standard deserves to rank as a work of art.—*London Times.*

"The author will not be surprised if the vulgar should condemn whatever he writes, or that the efforts of his friends to correct the judgment of the public with respect to his motives, should prove useless.—*Examiner.*

The compiler having closed her account of the means by which a book, written in the cause of social reform, was put under a ban by dishonest reviewers, interfering fatally for a time with its reputation, now introduces a short synopsis of the story as told in the review by E. S. L. alluded to in No. VIII of this series, followed by the late Prof. Hart's vindication:

REVIEW OF A WOMAN'S BOOK BY A WOMAN—"ON DANGEROUS GROUND"—PORTER AND COATES.

"This is a romance of American society, not necessarily of fashionable society, we infer from the quotation given upon the title page.

"From this, we take the author's meaning to be, that although she has chosen to lay her scenes among people, some of whom are supposed to belong (as one of the characters is made to say) 'to that *best* set with whom no people that are in the best society ever willingly allow themselves to be mixed up in any way,' that she, the author, considers human nature to be the same in all circles, from the highest to the lowest. We think, however, that her heroine is just a little too pure-minded, too innocent, too ignorant, to be a fair specimen of human nature even in the most refined and most highly cultivated circles. There may be found some women who will believe in her as she is represented, but, to understand her thoroughly, they must be women as pure and as conscientious as herself. Few men will understand Agatha and interpret rightly all her thoughts and acts, though they must admit that she is 'a psychological study.'

"Always in search of a Platonic friend, she finds one after another turning into lovers, until at last she meets a married man, in whose friendship she reposes without fear; for in her entire purity it is to her an impossibility that he can ever become more than a friend.

"According to the habits and customs that prevail in all old English country seats, and in many of our most hospitable homes, the guests in the house of Agatha's father are permitted to occupy themselves as they choose, as well as host and hostess, during the morning hours. In this way she is thrown with Carroll Tracey, a poet and translator, whom she assists in translating a German novel; while Mrs. Tracey, who possesses a charming voice, sings the hours away with an unprincipled man, Paul Howard, who has followed her from place to place with no worthy end in view. Agatha, in her innocence, revels in her friendship; glorying in the thought that she has at last found a friend who cannot by any possibility turn into a lover, as he is a married man, and finding the secret of their mutual sympathy in the similarity of their opinions and views.

"When, at last, (after Mr. Tracey finds himself compelled to take steps for a divorce, and he and Mrs. Tracey are no longer living together) Agatha makes the astounding discovery that her friendship has ripened into love, she is tortured by the fact 'that love for a married man in the guise of friendship has stolen its way to her heart, teaching her that no one is secure from temptation, but rather that virtue is tested by it as gold by the refiner's fire.' From the hour in which she knew her weakness she banished Mr. Tracey from her presence, fleeing from him to Europe and heroically persisting in the penance she had prescribed to herself, viz., never to marry him, long after Mrs. Tracey's divorce and marriage to another left Mr. Tracey free to marry again.

"As to the other too numerous characters in the book, Aunt Hester, Mrs. Belcher, and Miss Lennox, as well as Agatha, are representatives of the many good, pure women that bless and adorn our American society. In using the word society, we do not limit ourselves to fashionable society, which we all know is not always the best society. Mildred is one of the most attractive characters in the book. Her good principles and correct morals carry her safely through all her exposure to temptations, yet imprudent at times, as the best of women may be. We feel tempted to call Mildred the true heroine, as such a character as hers must appeal to the hearts of the many, more than the heroine who is so unnaturally good, almost austerely so, until her relenting comes.

"As an offset to those five women of good principles we find four others, representatives of just such as are met too often in real life in English as well as in American society, as the novels of Mrs. Forrester and other English writers show us.

"Mrs. Barber typifies those young married women who receive to a compromising extent the attentions of men who are devoted to them, and consequently are considered, as Mrs. Barber was represented to be, worse than they really are. Mrs. Barlow we look upon as the type of another class; those who endeavor to secure the attentions of married men without any regard for the feelings of the wife who is thus outraged. That such a woman should be rewarded, as Mrs. Barlow was, by marrying a man as good as Mr. Marston, is 'one of those things that no fellow can understand;' but as in life it often happens so, we fancy the author held his tale up as a warning to those men who hold off to long from marrying, because they hope to find perfection and end by getting 'the crooked stick.' Mrs. Grey's character is best told by Agatha herself, when she says, 'Poor little woman! after all, she was more sinned against than sinning. Almost compelled by her father to marry a man whom she felt no affection for, she flirted to distract herself; but with all her flirtations, I must do her the justice to say that I really believe she never loved any one but Frank.' And so here again we have another type, a type of that large class who marry for some reason other than love, and who are thus exposed to dangers from which women who marry for love are shielded.

"Lastly, Mrs. Atherton represents, happily, an infinitely smaller class. She is sexually a woman without principle; who, as a girl, tempts men on to a declaration of love only to count them among her victims; who marries without love or respect, and who, when her life becomes unendurable from the want of that companionship found only in true marriage, and from the physical aversion which she feels for her husband, elopes to find the worm that never dies in the heart of the flowers that she culls, and the trace of the serpent's tooth in all the fruit that she gathers.' Had the author elaborated these characters more and left out some of the actors in her story, the book would have been improved and some of its lessons would have been made more effective.

"As to the men in the story, notwithstanding that the seemingly moral and high-toned Colonel Potten expresses his belief that man is pretty much the same scoundrel that he was three thousand years ago, the author develops but one scoundrel in her story, Paul Howard, who meets with a fitting fate.

"If Mr. Jenkins is the one who elopes with Mrs. Atherton, he covers his tracks so well that we do not discover him. Harold Graham, it is true, is barely saved from being a scoundrel by the triumphant virtue of the woman that he loves. There are too many such in real life not to make the reader throw over him, after his death, the veil of that charity which he needed. The other men are neither above nor below the average of those encountered in daily life. Carroll Tracey is no hero, nor does the author seek to make him one.

"Some there are, both men and women, who appear and disappear just as in real life we meet with people whose history, past or future, we never hear; and this the author probably had in mind, as her story is natural in all its details; but she should bear in mind that a novel, like a drama, to be artistically written, must introduce no characters that do not help on the plot; and, as in a drama so in a novel, the characters must all be disposed of in the winding up.

"Another fault is the too frequent introduction of French words and phrases; and there is perhaps too much dialogue upon extraneous subjects to suit the tastes of all its readers.

"With regard to its moral teachings, no novel that we have ever read teaches a higher or purer morality. In the words of another reviewer, 'It would seem that the adverse criticism to which the book has been subjected has been largely the result of a rather stupid misconception, or still worse, of a false notion of what constitutes morality.' Perhaps it has been simply the result of imperfect knowledge upon the part of the reviewers, who have 'not read' what they wrote about.

E. S. L."

JUSTIFICATION AND VINDICATION OF "ON DANGEROUS GROUND"—TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE ROMANCE.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* in a review of this work said:

"The pictures which this book gives of the blots and sores in our social life, while drawn with sufficient truth of coloring to enable us to understand clearly the nature of the evils and sins aimed at, are yet free from all appeals to a morbid or prurient imagination. The instincts of womanly purity and refinement are seen in every page, and, as we read the author's vigorous delineations, we are made to feel something of her own abhorrence of the 'dangerous' social practices which are veiled under such spurious names as 'flirtations' and 'Platonic love.'"

Such a book would need no justification nor vindication if it had not been misrepresented in its characters and calumniated in its motives, in such a way as to require that its defamers and calumniators should be deprived of their weapons. The author feels that the literary success of her work cannot repay her if its moral worth is denied. The compiler will endeavor to show in what its worth exists.

The first step toward this end will be to see whether we can find authority to support the idea that there is any social need of a work which gives us such pictures of life as the *Inquirer* tells us are found in the pages where that work holds up a beacon-light of warning.

A writer in the *Tribune* says:

"There is not a fashionable circle, not a town or village, in which the records of our domestic life do not bear the evidence of the debasing influence of this authorized universal custom of flirtation before marriage and Platonic friendship after. Here is the secret of indifference of wives and husbands, of the neglect of their children, of the reckless excitement by which they try to forget their bondage, and the divorce and adultery suits by which they end it."

When we take this assertion, followed up by the opinion of the late John S. Hart, L. L. D., as to the object of the romance and the lessons it teaches, we are forced to conclude that there is such need, and that the author has executed her task with a faithful hand.

Dr. Hart says:

"Although the book contains a love story, the thread of which runs through the whole, making it one continuous tissue, it is yet plain on the surface that the love affair is not the main purpose of the work, and whoever reads it with a view merely to follow the fortunes of its heroine, Agatha, misses its chief design. Agatha and her fortunes make a sufficiently interesting story to beguile the reader along from page to page, while the author is giving him on every page a sober homily on social ethics.

"The chief aim of the writer, unmistakably, is to lay bare one of the crying sins of our social life, namely, that shameful laxity of tone which prevails in regard to married life. The author regards the laxity of morals on this subject as a grievous and alarming social ulcer, and she has had the courage to lay bare its deformities and its dangers with no sparing hand.

"So far as the story of Agatha is concerned the author shows with singular clearness and force the danger and impracticability of what is called Platonic affection between man and woman, especially when one of the two is married to another. If the two are congenial, a special intimacy between them has, and can have but one result, namely, love, not friendship. But, as before remarked, the development of this thought, though perhaps the nominal, is not the main purpose and burden of the story. The book is something higher than a story. It is, though in the form of a narrative, a grave discourse on the dangers and the criminality of that kind of conduct which in fashionable slang is called 'flirtation,' but which in reality is a wicked trifling with the sanctity of the marriage tie. Such flirtation is a crime, and the sooner we come to a right understanding of the subject the better.

"The 'dangerous ground,' therefore, which this book exposes is not merely or chiefly the Platonic affection of which Agatha is the type, but that spirit of trifling with the sanctities of marriage and of the relations between the sexes which prevails to so alarming an extent, and which leads so frequently to the disruption and ruin of families. The various affairs of this kind which are described in the book are types of cases by the score which are rife all around us, and of which only too many instances may be recalled from his own recollection by any one having the opportunities and the talent of observation.

"Of course, it would be an entire misconception of the author's meaning to infer that all the men and women in fashionable life are fast, because she has described some who are so. There are good people in her pages as well as bad ones. The good, indeed, predominate, as they do in actual life. The book is not a tirade against society, but a scourge upon the bad people who are sometimes tolerated there. That there are people in fashionable life, of whom the least that can in charity be said is that they are 'fast,' is a fact patent to every observer, and the author has done a good service to the public in holding up to such people the mirror in which they may see themselves as they appear to others. Let such men and women understand, no matter what are their pretensions to being fashionable, that in the estimation of all but themselves to be "fast" is only next door to being criminal, and but too often leads to crime.

"We have been so much interested in the purpose and matter of this book that we had well nigh forgotten to speak of its merits in other respects. One of the author's excellencies worthy of note is her freedom from mannerisms. She first conceives clearly what she means to say, and then says it with a simplicity and directness of style which is an agreeable contrast to the affectations and conceits which prevail in so many recent works of fiction. She has also excellent powers of description, both of persons and places. Her descriptions of scenery are especially worthy of remark. The language throughout is choice without being stilted. The conversations are easy and natural, in the style common to people of refinement and education, and there is an utter absence of slang."

With such an opinion from such an authority as Dr. Hart, we are prepared to admit the need of the lessons (which he has declared that the book teaches,) not only in fashionable life, but in the towns and villages, to which the writer in *The Tribune* refers.

The author evidently did not intend to confine its use to any one class of readers. The quotation on its title page reveals her views: "*It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public.*"

A discerning reviewer wrote: "It may stand as the romance of the better part of society, and the reality of the worst part."

"On the title page we find that the author states it is "a romance of American society." What does the word romance mean? Turning to the dictionary we find, "A fabulous relation or story of adventures and incidents designed for the entertainment [and instruction] of readers; usually a tale of love or war, subjects interesting the sensibilities of the heart. *Romance* differs from the *novel*, as it treats of actions and adventures of an unusual character," etc.

Upon this very subject a reviewer says:

"The book is not a novel, and should not be judged by rules that apply only to a more elaborate work of fiction than 'a romance' is considered. It is a story of more or less interest to its readers, according to the experiences that life has brought to each. We should say that any one who finds the character of Agatha immoral would find the New Testament immoral, to use the words of another; and the best review of the work that could be written, to do away with the aspersions of those whose minds are of that nature that they can find aught that is immoral on the pages of the book, would be to quote passages from it, and not misquote them, as its maligners have done.

"Such women as Miss Lennox, Aunt Hester, Agatha, Mildred and Mrs. Belcher, who are the five principal characters among the women of the story, more than redeem all the frivolity, unworthiness and want of principle that are developed in the less important and less prominent characters; not any of whom, however, are made sufficiently attractive to cause either folly or vice to seem alluring, for one passing moment even. Had this author drawn only pictures of good, pure women, like those we have mentioned, where and how could she have unfolded the lessons that her pages teach?

"'On Dangerous Ground' is a romance without a hero; but is not even this true to nature, where heroic women so greatly outnumber heroic men in the battle of life? So long as men and women are created with such different natures, so long will the old drama of passions and temptations always be repeated with new scenes." If in the privilege of woman, as well as her holy duty, to elevate man by her refining influence—not to spread nets and plant snares to entrap him in the dangerous ground over which he travels. Wives and mothers and sisters hold in their own hands the making of the characters of the men they love. They can help to regenerate and purify even the grossest natures; to influence them in their households in such a way as will tend to raise man's estimate of woman; and such men in turn will avoid sugar in the presence of women that can have a tendency to degrade them to the coarser level of the dangerous ground that men always tread. In such homes a book like that we have been reviewing will be read and appreciated for its high moral worth, not skimmed over, selecting dramatic parts, which, perused without their connecting pages, must bear a different meaning than if read in connection with the whole.

"To us it seems that the author has had so many aims it is not to be wondered at that she has not succeeded in making all of them obvious to the general reader."

Another reviewer states that many of the incidents in the romance were evidently drawn from life; while still a third says of its characters that they are portraits that will be easily recognized, adding, "In every other city the readers will think they find the features of persons well known to them; the truth being that well drawn characters, even in romances, are always sure to suggest actual prototypes who were never seen by the author. A talent for sketching people just as they live is on that account the one important requisite in all novel writing, and it is just in proportion as a novel comes near actual life, that it really interests its readers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A REVIEW OF A REVIEW.

I have been much interested by the lively discussion of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" in the SATURDAY EVENING POST for May 25. The lady defender of the lady author very earnestly maintains her point by a novel exposition of the word "passion," upon which the whole matter seems to turn. I will confess that her exegesis of that much-abused term stole upon my mind through a hitherto unopened portal. I was surprised at the stride of her thought, and with that surprise mingled a little unsatisfied restlessness which is very apt to annoy me when I am not altogether in sympathy with an assertion which I am invited, by unsuspecting degrees, to accept. I am a man, and should like to say a few things in defense of my (occasionally) "beastly" sex. I will take for my text this key-word, "passion," and with all respect for my lady opponent, try to show a few points in which her interpretation of that word was more warm-hearted and outspoken than logical.

Webster's definition of the term, she says (and if I were a "beast" I should bestir this ponderous tome at my feet!), is, "The feeling of the mind, or the sensible effect of impression; excitement, perturbation or agitation *of mind*, as desire, fear, hope, joy, grief, love, *hatred*" (italics hers and mine, in order). As a logical definition, I shall consider all these terms as forming links of an emotional chain, subject to the same license and restriction, and exercising the same influence upon the human faculties with which they are brought into intimate relations. Otherwise Webster's definition would not stand; and even if it did, her interpretation of it would be a mistake. Now the ground upon which the author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" is justified in representing the heroine as in love with two men at the same time, and pledged to the one (virtually), is that her "passion" for Dorrance (in one place Professor, in another Parson) is not, from a woman's standpoint, the all-devouring flame of love, but a "divine afflatus," or, laying all upon the support of Webster's definition, "a feeling of the mind." Now to what is this feeling akin? We run along the list—desire, fear, hope, joy, grief, love, *hatred*. Ah! something in that last word makes us hesitate, cuts us sharply with a sense of inconsistency. We feel as though we had been caught in the very act of smuggling contraband goods into a pure, good land! Why is it that we stumble here, on our very last step? Is it not because we have been proceeding on a wrong supposition, and the very last argument in our proof is not only wanting, but arrayed against us in grim rectitude? Anger, a strong feeling *of the mind*. I do not deny it, but I ask: Is it *confined* to the mind? Not long ago I saw an angry man. Through the windows of his soul one could look in. It was there. He laid his hand on a small table. It trembled. Anger was there. His tread on the chamber floor was not the noiseless motion of the mind; in the room below, they heard not the tumult in his soul, yet said to one another, "That is the step of an angry man." He passed from my sight, and what was it that I did not forget? Was it that a being angry in spirit had been in my presence? No; that was something intangible, *though I did not deny it.* I remembered that trembling hand, that furious tread, that distorted countenance. That man was angry *in mind.*

To one according a full interpretation to Mr. Webster's definition, I think there will be no ambiguity. He had not time or space in which to propound exhaustive treatises on the exact scope and limitation of each word. And this is one reason why the study of synonyms is a most necessary part of the education of a reviewer. Mr. Webster traces words back as far as he can, and there fixes them. He traced passion back to the mind. Surely its seat is there. It originates in no physical conception. There he leaves it, with a simple definition.

I will employ my remaining space with a few arguments for the co-purity of the sexes. Love, I think some will deny, is not confined to the mind. The "divine afflatus" of a pure-minded woman is not love; but as there never was, nor is, nor can be such a thing under the laws which God has seen fit to make the character of our intercourse, we have no call to dwell upon it. I have seen men and women in love, pure men and pure women. There was no chaste estrangement, no divine afflatus. It was all good, homely, hearty, earth-like affection. Hand met hand, lip met lip. They were not conscious that their minds were enjoying an empyreal *vis-a-vis* in some misty cloudland. All was honest as God made it, with no upward glances toward "the loves of angels. And when we reflect that out of this dear old everyday way of loving, in time, all the sweetest treasures spring, all the purest bonds, all the fairest hopes, I think we all, both men and women, will be willing to wait until God sees fit to clothe us with the white robes, ere we aspire to those fair cloudlands, those rare agonies of height, whose gasping atmosphere is the "divine afflatus" of love.

PAUL PASTNOR.

Burlington, Vermont.

A movement is on foot in Chicago to do away entirely with the present system of using gas to illuminate the streets, and substitute in its stead a dozen electric lights at different elevated points, with which, it is claimed, the entire town could be made as light as day out of doors, and at much less expense than the present costly gaslight system.

When the Russian Duke Constantine was in Poland thirty years ago, a reckless native boxed him on the ear in the street. General Scopoff, then a nobody, offered to give out that upon him had the indignity been inflicted, and so he made his first start in the world.

Ancient tortoises are turning up again. One of the most ancient has been captured in Beaver county, bearing the initials of four brothers and the date "1618," carved on its horny shell. Two of the boys are still living, and have examined the aged saurian, and remember the circumstances attending his acquaintanceship sixty years ago.

ACROSS THE DESERT.

BY P. HENRY BOYLE.

Oh! many a desert life there is, that stretches
a waste of sand
From the soon-left field of some fruitful Nile
to the western ocean's strand;
And the o'ergone course of the path is strewn
by the bones of the Hopes that died
Bowed down by the wealth, unreal and vain,
of the Souls that strode beside.

But ever it was, and so 'twill be, that the sun
which seems so fair
Leads longing eyes, in the miraged scenes, to
trace earth's Eden there;
But heads grow gray, and cheeks wax gaunt,
with hunger and thirst and woe,
And we kiss the dust with our hands still
stretched to the joys we can never know.

Yet seldom it haps there are not some spots
where the heart laid down erewhile,
Or memory wantoned beneath the palms that
basked in youth's morning smile;
And the flowers of love they bear perchance
may perfume the simoom's breath
And wreathe one bliss in the mocking Fate
that whelms all with later death.

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER I.

A FLIGHT FROM THE FIRE.

If John Hombert, looking out upon Lake Huron from the shore of a small bay, one September afternoon in 1868, had been determined to know what craft were upon the wide water before him, he must have pushed the nose of his ducking-boat out of the white sand and gone out to see. For nothing was visible at a distance of half a mile, because of the smoke from the great forest fires then raging. A strong west wind had been blowing the smoke over the lake all day, and the air was full of it.

But John Hombert cared little what was on the surface of the lake, since he had failed to entice anything from its depths. Fishing lures, as well as gun, were out of luck, it appeared. However, the forests might burn and the smoke blow until the fish could not tell day from night, for aught he cared. He had had several days of enjoyable sailing, at all events; and it was comfortable enough under his tree.

Yes, let the fires burn and the fish keep to their watery coverts. Let——

What's this?

A deer! Nothing less. With heaving flanks, and trembling limbs, and quick panting breath, the animal stood where it had stopped when another leap would have carried it on to Hombert as he lay under his tree. Only for a moment the deer stood thus in the stupor of sudden alarm, and then turned to one side and continued its headlong flight eastward.

As Hombert watched the deer speeding away, the saw another, and then another, pursuing the same general course. Presently a red fox trotted past, a hundred yards away, his lolling tongue proclaiming his exhaustion.

What were these?

They were the leaders of the dumb denizens of the forest, flying from the terrible forest fire—fit foretaste of the all-consuming flame that shall end the world. For this is no prairie fire, up in one moment and out the next. This conflagration goes on with an appalling persistence—now faster, it may be, and now a little slower; but always onward; eating up green trees and dry, burrowing into the ground as the roots run, until the charred trunks, all supports gone, fall into the vast bonfire on the surface of the earth; rioting above the lofty tree tops, sweeping along the surface, lingering to burn out the grass roots deep down; but everywhere triumphant, fierce, resistless, terrible!

This was the terror that was behind the flying animals.

Hombert understood the situation in a moment. The fire was raging nearer than he had thought, and the west wind was driving it toward the shore. However, it did not much concern him. By nightfall he would be miles away down the coast in his boat, and——

Hark! That was a human voice—a woman's long, wild shriek!

Hombert was on his feet in an instant. That shriek had transformed the forest fire from an uninteresting destruction into a thing pregnant with vivid terrors.

Dashing into the forest in the direction of the scream, Hombert came within hearing of several voices. A moment more and he was beside two women, who were bending over the insensible form of a girl.

Hombert addressed the elder of the two women:

"Madam, let me be of service. The young lady has only fainted I think?"

"Oh, sir, what shall we do?" cried the lady in great distress.

"Why," Hombert responded, "let me carry her to the shore. It is only a few rods. The air is cooler there; the smoke is not so dense; she can have water at all events."

Without more words, he lifted the insensible girl in his arms, and was quickly at the shore with her, the women following. A little bathing of the unconscious face with water brought in a cup from the ducking-boat restored the girl so that she opened her eyes for an instant. But she slowly closed them again with a shudder.

"Oh, the fire! the fire!" she moaned, grasping the hand of the elder woman, who still bathed her temples.

"Never mind the fire," Hombert said, reassuringly. "You are safe enough now."

This and many similar assurances at last had the desired effect, and the girl became restfully quiet. This brought Hombert rather suddenly to the consideration of how he was to make his words good. So far, all he knew was that here were three women on this shore, miles from even a settler's cabin, if anything of the kind yet existed on that side of the fire. It was time to think about discharging the responsibility that had come upon him.

He made an inventory of his three charges. Thus:

First, The elderly woman; evidently a lady. Manners showed it. Mother of the fainting girl.

Second, The girl; age, about eighteen; form, very slight. Something wrong with her spine or one of her hips. Rather a pleasant face, but looks as if it would bear study.

Third, The last of the party; apparently a half-breed Indian woman thirty years old or more. Shy and sly, and not over-cordial in her looks toward Hombert. Not much of a responsibility in this woman, evidently; probably able to go as far and as fast as a man.

Hombert once more addressed the older lady:

"Madam, my name is John Hombert, of Hardston. I'm up here on a little cruise with my boat there. I think you are not residents in this vicinity?"

"We live in Millfield, sir," was the reply. "We started this morning to drive to Fowles Bay, along the State road. But just beyond Cannon river the fires were on both sides of the road, and we turned back and tried to go across to the shore road. We lost our way, and came out near the mouth of the Cannon. Then we had to inquire the way, and sent our boy along a section road on horseback to find a settler. He must have got lost, or have been cut off by the fire. It swept across the river while we waited by the carriage, and drove us away. All the afternoon we have been wandering about to get away from the fire and find a house."

"Why, the mouth of the Cannon is six or seven miles up the shore!" exclaimed Hombert in surprise. "Have you come afoot all that way?"

"We had no choice; the boy had gone with the horse, but the fire was close upon us."

"I should hardly have thought it possible!" Hombert cried, with a glance at the frail girl.

His look was understood.

"Leela carried me," the girl explained, turning her eyes affectionately to the half-breed.

"Light as feathers!" said Leela.

"Leela was very good and very strong. We could not have made our way without her." This from the elder lady, with a grateful look at the half-breed. "And we are so thankful to have come in your way, sir," she added.

"Leela is very strong," repeated the girl.

"But she was nearly exhausted," the mother replied; and then she added, turning to Hombert, as if the girl's remark might sound like disparagement of his service; "Indeed, sir, your finding us was providential."

"Why," replied Hombert frankly, "it's just that that bothers me. How am I to do anything for your comfort? You are safe enough from the fire, it's true. Do you see that little bare island out there? Well, that is the end of a sandbar that runs from the shore, and the water on the bar is nowhere two feet deep. That hut is an old fisherman's shanty, and I've had worse quarters; I staid there last night. Well, you see that while the island is easily accessible from the shore, it is as safe from fire as if it was in the middle of Lake Huron. I've got some supplies left in the boat, and I can make——Hello! she has fainted again!"

So she had, and seemed most reluctant to revive.

"Poor child! she is utterly exhausted!" cried the lady.

"She is not strong, I think?" ventured Hombert.

"It is a peculiar affliction, almost sure to take this manifestation under great excitement."

The lady was working with earnest haste and some evident anxiety to restore the girl to consciousness. Finally she said:

"I fear these sinking spells will increase in frequency and duration, as usual, until we can procure the proper remedy. There is some danger in them if they are not controlled.

"I can run over to Port Sangus in three hours with my boat. There are three hours of daylight yet, or would be, but for the smoke," Hombert suggested.

"But you could not get back in the darkness," said the lady.

"The wind is bad for coming back," he admitted. "I might find my way back by midnight. Of course it's out of the question to go by land."

"You might not return until morning," the lady said.

"Possibly."

"And possibly never!" with a slight shudder.

"Oh, I'm well used to the lake, and not likely to drown in that boat," replied Hombert, smiling.

"Let me be frank," said the lady after a pause, during which the girl had opened her eyes only to close them again at once. "I dare not take the risk of keeping her here without remedies all night—I tremble to think of it. But the chances seem so many against your getting back!"

"Would you be afraid to stay in the hut on the island, with—with——"

Hombert hesitated, uncertain how to allude to the half-breed.

"She is both friend and servant," said the lady, understanding him. "No, I am not afraid to stay, with her. She is better than many a man for a guard and protector. It was not fear of remaining here that made me dread your going. If I had remedies for my poor girl——"

"Why," exclaimed Hombert eagerly, much relieved to discover a way out of the difficulty, "I'll take her in my boat and land her safe in Port Sangus in three hours! That miserable little boat was intended for only one, and can't be made to carry more than two; else you should all leave this place within five minutes. If either of you could manage the boat, of course you would take her; but as it is, I don't see——"

"There is no other way," said the lady, accepting the conclusion he was coming to. "Sir, the consideration you show is as grateful as your generous abandonment to our service. I shall not hesitate to trust my poor child to your care, and wait here until you can return for us by daylight. Or stay; that will not be necessary. We are well known in Port Sangus, and there will be enough to come to us when our situation is reported."

"Your daughter will make herself known to your friends, of course," Hombert remarked.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for not making ourselves known to you. I am sure that we have no more useful friend than you are proving."

"I did not mean to suggest that," protested Hombert.

But the lady went on:

"I am Mrs. Gardnill, of Millfield. This is my afflicted daughter Nell. And this faithful creature"—speaking low—"is Leela—a half-breed, as you see. Ah, my child, you are better now."

The girl had opened her eyes at last, recovered from her swoon. Her mother told her the plan decided on, and urged an immediate departure, that the change, or the motion of the boat, might act possibly to ward off another sinking. Nell looked at Hombert steadily for a moment, and then said slowly:

"Yes, I will go."

If she had had any hesitation in trusting herself to him, it could not have been merely because they had never met before, since they were scarcely strangers. Hombert's name and standing as a land surveyor at Hardston were known to the Gardnills, and they in turn were known to Hombert as an old family in that region.

A few minutes sufficed to establish Mrs. Gardnill on the little island under the care of the half-breed Leela. There was plenty in Hombert's boat to provision the fisherman's hut for a day or two.

This done, Mrs. Gardnill, assuming a cheerfulness which she scarcely felt, kissed Nell good-bye.

"You will really enjoy the sail, Nell," exclaimed the mother.

"Shall I?" the girl asked with quiet scepticism.

Nell went to take formal leave of the half-breed.

"Do they think I'm going to drown her, I wonder?" thought Hombert, impatient to be off.

Nell and Leela were a little apart from the others. The latter said something in a low tone.

"You're always suspecting," was Nell's answer. Then she kissed the half-breed's tawny cheek.

Hombert was chafing by his boat.

"Let me lift you in. The boat's a little crank with her nose in the sand," he said as Nell approached.

"Thank you. I can get in," she replied.

She put one hand on the boat and it began to careen.

"Leela," she cried, drawing back, "I thought you were here."

Leela was at her side in an instant, and by her aid the embarkation was accomplished.

Hombert began to feel curiosity about this infirm girl, who refused his help when she could, and seemed to disparage it when it had been rendered during her unconsciousness. He would not be offended at a girl's caprices, but they certainly left an unpleasant feeling which struck him as an unfamiliar one.

The west wind still continued. When they had started, the boat, running along under the lee shore, had the breeze fine and strong, while out of the rough water which was raised further off shore. Had their only object been pleasure, they could hardly have wished for finer sailing.

"She's going along pretty lively!" exclaimed Hombert, feeling his spirits rise with the swift motion of the boat.

"Yes," was Nell's reply.

Of necessity they sat facing each other in the boat, but the frail girl reflected none of his pleasant excitement; she was apparently as unenthusiastic as a statue. She put one hand over the low side of the boat, and let the water ripple over her fingers.

Hombert was discouraged, and let a long time pass in silence. Then, having made another remark about the progress of the boat, he followed it with another invitation to conversation, thus:

"You know we speak of all boats as if they bore feminine names. I always speak of this one as 'she,' but its name is Rover."

This was a dull spark; but it served, for it fell upon tinder.

"Is it a swift boat?" the girl asked.

"She can hold her own with any of her size."

"Then it should have a feminine name and be called 'she'!"

"How is that?" he asked.

"Don't you know that the most ambitious creatures, brute and human—those that accomplish most for their strength—are females?"

"Why, no; I did not know that," he answered frankly.

"It's true. True of all the female kind."

"I never thought of it before," said Hombert, somewhat astonished at this turn of the conversation. "But I believe that if the question, as far as it relates to the brutes, were referred to the great trotting horses, for instance, your position would be sustained."

"It's the same with everything!" declared the girl.

"How did you come to find this out?"

"Leela told me first, but I can see for myself."

Hombert rearranged his lines to put the boat more before the wind. The conversation was not to his taste; the bare idea of any antagonism or competition between the sexes was repugnant to all the notions of his life. "I wish it had been the mother instead of the daughter that I had to take over alone!" he thought. How pitiable, too, it seemed that this girl, weighted beyond her sex by her infirmity, should cherish such ideas, which were distasteful enough when only healthy women were considered.

Something like this was passing through the young man's mind when, having put the boat on her new course, he said:

"I don't think men and women should be compared in all things. It's not a fair race always. But I should never think of it as a superiority that I could easily row this boat to Port Sangus if the wind should fail, while you could scarcely lift one of the oars."

"Mother told you I was weakly," Nell said with a trace of feeling which Hombert failed to understand.

"Yes, and I saw it," he replied kindly.

"It's not so!" the girl exclaimed passionately. "I shall outgrow it! Leela says that when I'm twenty I shall go further and faster through the woods than any man! And I will!"

These last words were uttered almost fiercely, and Hombert looked at her in new surprise. Large drops gathered quickly in her eyes. She could not turn her face away for the narrowness of her seat. With her hand she dashed the tears off, and sat flashing her black eyes upon the man like a tigress driven to bay.

Hombert saw all this, and was deeply touched. He would not willingly be cruel to anything; yet here he had given this infirm girl a most grievous hurt.

"I beg your pardon," he began at last, speaking slowly, for he was becoming almost afraid to speak at all to this singular girl, so strangely defiant when she needed and would by that very need command the utmost tenderness; and yet so keenly sensitive. "I do not look at these things at all as you do, I fear. The last thing in the world I would have done, if I had known how it would appear to you, was to seem to allude to your——"

He stopped short, utterly at a loss.

"You could not help seeing it and thinking of it"—Nell spoke steadily and coldly now—"it is natural you should; it's the way of all; it has always been the way. Always, always."

"I don't know; I hope not—as you see it."

"It has always been the way," repeated Nell as if reciting a familiar lesson—she was watching the water rippling over her fingers at the boat's side—"always. When Jacob came for Leah, he saw that she was tender eyed, but Rachel was fair and well-favored."

"I used to learn all that in Sunday-school," said Hombert, "but it never struck me before what a brutish thing it was in Jacob!"

"That is a Bible story!" the girl said, but not very reprovingly.

"What else can you call it—such a turning of the back upon any one, especially a woman, because of a misfortune!" cried Hombert impetuously. "Why, a man would go out of his way to avoid hurting a lame dog even, sooner than a well one!"

The girl made no reply; but she looked into Hombert's eyes a moment as if she would read him whether he would or not. And apparently she was not dissatisfied with her scrutiny.

"How much farther is it to Port Sangus?" Nell asked suddenly, after a moment's silence.

"We'll be there in an hour and a half or two hours," replied Hombert.

"I wish—" the girl began, but stopped and said no more.

"I hope you're not feeling bad again," Hombert said with some anxiety. "I'd make the boat go faster if I could."

"Oh, no; it wasn't that. The wind makes me feel so much better!"

Some of the time, at least, she had not appeared to be enjoying herself remarkably. But now some quiet happiness seemed to settle upon her. Watching the rippling water on her fingers, she gently hummed the first bars of the song—

Do you recall that night in June,
Upon the Danube river—
We listened to a Landler tune,
We watched the moonbeams quiver?

What tuneful sounds were ringing in her ears?

"Do you sing?" asked Hombert.

"Sometimes."

"Can you sing that song without an accompaniment?"

She could, and she did. Singing it very simply, but with an expression which was almost that of passion, what wonder was it that the last cadences sounded in Hombert's ears long after the singer was still again!

The smoky haze had made twilight of the yet early evening. The breeze was good, and the water rippled pleasantly on the side of the boat as she sped onward. The influences were all gratefully quiet after the day's experiences. Hombert yielded.

"I might run around the shore of this bay just ahead, instead of putting straight across to Port Sangus—that is, if the breeze does you good," he suggested.

"Yes!" said the girl indecisively.

"There's nothing to be done to-night, you know"—he was justifying his proposal to himself as well as to the girl—"and it's only eight or ten miles farther to go around."

"Poor me—and Leela!" sighed Nell.

"You're not afraid for them?"

"No."

"They are perfectly safe, and by daylight I'll be on the way to bring them off," said Hombert in a comfortable tone, as he put the tiller hard up and the little boat swung around and headed up the bay.

"Don't talk—let me dream!" Nell said softly, as if she were afraid that the sound of voices would break a spell.

Ah! that tuneful sound! Was it ringing still?

CHAPTER II.

SHARP WORK IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS.

The trifling and not altogether unusual (though always unexpected) occurrence of a failure of the wind as the night advanced, had the effect of prolonging the journey around the bay shore to twice the length of time calculated upon. Hombert expected to end the voyage easily by nine in the evening; but Port Sangus was in sound sleep, at one in the morning, when he at last landed his charge. Of course it was too late to find anybody that night, but the landlord of the nearest hotel was aroused without great difficulty, and, knowing the Gardnills well, he soon had his wife up to attend to any wants Nell might have.

When this had been accomplished, and they had had a cup of tea, it was nearly two o'clock. Hombert would not trust himself in bed for the two hours remaining before he ought to be moving again, but sat on the hotel porch and smoked while he pondered on the events of the day.

What did he think of the girl? Well, really he could have answered many other questions easier than he could that one. The dominant impression on his mind concerning her was one that brought uneasiness. He remembered every word she said about the Jacob story. She was so utterly at fault in her notions, and yet so firm in them; her declarations showed such a lack of faith in the commonest humanity—they so stripped even the tenderest relations of everything but gross selfishness—that the affliction of her body might, he thought, be light in comparison with the sorrows she might make for herself. To be in her situation, and then by unbelief to rob one's self of the consolation of human sympathy, seemed pitiably horrible. He could not wish that he had not met Mrs. Gardnill's party in their distress; but perhaps he wished that they had never set out on their unlucky journey. But no—hardly that even; for he could not believe that the girl was often as happy as she had been in the boat.

What did it matter to him? Was he going to be a knight-errant of a new pattern, and weep (for lack of windmills to tilt against) in behalf of all sad or cross or singular maidens? He knew very well what the common judgment would be upon his thoughts. "But I am not of that kind!" he said to himself. In truth, he could no more have turned aside or been indifferent to this girl's suffering, than he could have beaten her with a stick. To that extent at least, his casque was free to any lady's glove.

When the day began to dawn, Hombert secured a boat large enough for the party, and without difficulty or notable adventure landed Mrs. Gardnill and the half-breed in Port Sangus by the middle of the afternoon. They were at once in the midst of friends.

"We have scarcely said as much as 'Thank you!' in return for all you have done for us," said Mrs. Gardnill as Hombert was taking his leave of them to proceed on his way homeward. "We shall be very happy to make amends at Millfield whenever you can take another holiday."

Hombert courteously acknowledged the cordial invitation.

"We should disappoint Mr. Hombert, ma, I fear, if he came to Millfield. I always think that we show best away from home!" Nell said.

Mrs. Gardnill was plainly offended at this. She marked her displeasure by ignoring her daughter and repeating her invitation to Hombert with increased cordiality. So they parted.

Hombert went on home. In a week he received from a friend at Port Sangus a copy of a scurrilous paper published at that place—one of the emanations which exist when the community has reached such a dead low level of moral tone that not one of the vilified rises up to take by the throat the wretch who panders to the meanest love of scandal. In this paper was a marked paragraph, which read:

"Last Thursday, at one o'clock in the morning, one John Hombert, of Hardston, arrived at this port in a little ducking-boat, bringing with him Miss Nell Gardnill, of Millfield. The story about the fire up the shore is a trifle gauzy, John. Write to us, and send your vessel's log."

Hombert caught his breath as this thing came upon him like a thunderbolt. He had not an enemy, so far as he knew; but here was this paragraph set afloat—a paragraph which showed the scribbler's devilish art in that its offense lay not in the circumstances narrated, but in the maddening insinuations. Hombert's first thought was of the unfortunate girl thus disgracefully associated with him. But, rapidly gaining strength and overmastering every other feeling, was a fierce thirst for personal vengeance upon the dastard scribbler.

He looked at his watch. In an hour there would be a train for Port Sangus. He walked to the station and fretted until the train came.

At Port Sangus it was easy to find the scribbler. Hombert's business was soon made known.

"Do you publish this sheet?"

"Yes."

"Is that paragraph your work?"

"That's rather a leadin' question. It's my paper, but jest who does this or that about it——"

Whack! whack! Hombert's left hand leading off with a staggering blow, the right following with a heavy thud which laid the wretch on his back. Down upon the ground after him! One hand on his throat, the other dealing him fast punishment! A crowd gathering. Somebody tugging Hombert off! Quick, now! once more, this for the girl, smite the wriggling viper! A good one, that!

Then Hombert was marched before a justice, plead guilty of assault and battery, paid a fine, and strode off to a hotel.

What more to be done? Why, nothing except to get supper, and then home by the evening train. The scribbler is settled for a week at least.

But the scandalous paragraph! Why, in truth, beating the originator of it seemed to give the foul thing new life—yes, a dozen, a hundred new lives. It now got into the general press in this way: The beating and the fine by the justice were in the line of legitimate news for the reputable press. The reputable press published this news, and with it, under pretence of explanation, enough of the scandalous story to make the account racy.

Hombert was tortured for a week by the evidences of this. He could not keep away from the Hardston newspapers, whose exchanges showed him how the affair was traveling far and wide. He gave himself new tortures by reflecting that the calamity was by his own fault from first to last; that if he had not yielded to the seductive influences of the night, the lake, and the girl's fitful moods, he would have made the boat trip by daylight and nothing could have been said; that if he had restrained himself from the scribbler the miserable paragraph might have died in the filth where it originated.

Almost bewildered by these torments, Hombert for a time knew not what to do. He would ask no advice, for he felt sure that he could not accept such as would be given him. All at once, it occurred to him that the first thing to be done was to see the Gardnills. He might at least learn what their feelings were. He felt relief when he had resolved to go to Millfield the next week.

Meantime there was another movement upon the Gardnill household in contemplation—a movement very different in design from that of Hombert. Of that movement this history next takes note.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Little Dog "Match."

BY BERTIE RAYLE.

Fifty years ago my great grandmother sat in the porch of her cottage, looking with pleasure on the fragrant flowers growing in her garden and listening to the song of her canaries hanging over her head. It was a sultry August evening; and gradually the sky overcast, a solemn stillness stole over the scene, while large drops of rain and heavy claps of thunder denoted the approach of a storm. She rose and removed her birds to the interior of the cottage. On returning to the open door she saw a woman dragging wearily up the garden path followed by a lean and hungry looking dog.

"For the love of mercy, ma'am," began the tramp, "please to buy a box or two of matches of a poor woman, for I've not tasted food this blessed day."

My great-grandmother looked at her with pity. Benevolence formed a large ingredient in her character. Here stood a fellow creature whose forlorn appearance and sickly countenance denoted her condition as plainly as her words; while the famished animal beside her was evidently unable to travel further. The good old lady spoke at once in her primitive hospitality.

"Come in, poor soul, and sit ye down and rest. A storm is coming up. Here, take this meal, and enjoy it. You are truly welcome."

She busied herself in setting food before the wanderer, and then turned to the wanderer's companion, her dog. "The poor dumb beast is nearly dead," she said; and amid the violence of the storm she exercised the bidding of the apostle to the best of her ability.

As soon as the tempest subsided the woman rose to go, full of gratitude for the kindness shown her. The dog reposed comfortably on a rug, and seemed indisposed to quit his new home.

"Would you care to have the dog, mistress?" said the owner. "He's none so handsome; but he'd guard thy house; and it's part we must, sooner or later. He'll have a blessed exchange, that's certain."

My great-grandmother thanked her and expressed her pleasure at the prospect of keeping the dog. The woman went her way; her canine companion stayed in his new home, and was, in remembrance of his former owner, named Match. He proved faithful and affectionate to his mistress, and soon learned to distinguish her particular friends; while to members of her family he ever paid the greatest attention, trotting regularly every day to see her daughter, my grandmother, who lived in the next village, about a mile apart. He would, if the front door was open, walk through the house to the part where the family lived, receive and return their greetings, walk to a particular mat which lay at the foot of the staircase, lie down for a time, and then return.

After he had lived some years with my aged relative, a nephew of hers from a distant town came to pay her a visit, and witnessing the intelligence and fidelity of Match, begged him as a present. Very loath she was to part from her faithful friend; but the entreaties of her favorite nephew prevailed, and when he returned home he took the dog with him. His journey was performed partly by stage-wagons, partly on foot. Finally he wrote to announce his safe arrival home with Match. Three weeks later, as my grandmother and her daughters sat at work one afternoon with open doors and windows, the apparition of an emaciated dog stumbled over the threshold, crawled feebly through the room to his accustomed corner, and sank exhausted upon the mat, too far gone to do more than raise his eyes.

There was a great outcry. "It is poor Match!" Work was thrown aside and all gathered round the dog. His bleeding feet were bathed and some milk given him, which he drank eagerly, afterwards licking the hands outstretched to help; then, with a sigh of relief and contentment, he fell asleep and stirred not all night. But in the early morning, with a joyous bark, he bounded off through the doorway and swiftly made his way to his dear old home, where he was received with every demonstration of delight, which he returned with interest.

From that time to the day of his death some years later, Match was regarded as a hero, having travelled more than one hundred miles on foot, a road over which he had passed only once. Afterwards it transpired that he had experienced a beating for attempting to escape previously; and when his flight was discovered, it was at once conjectured whither he had gone, although it was considered impossible for him to accomplish the journey.

Like many humble heroes, Match never played a prominent part out of his own circle; but among the family in which he lived his name is handed down as an instance of true fidelity. He had no pretentions to beauty, being a sandy-colored dog with short rough hair; but must have possessed great powers of endurance and a wonderful memory.

THE ANTIQUITY OF GLOVES.

The antiquity of gloves is easily proved, but it will be enough for us to go back to about A. D. 790, when Charlemagne granted an unlimited right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Sittim, who were to make their gloves, girdles, and book covers of the skin of the deer they killed. Gloves were sometimes richly adorned and decorated with precious stones, and hence in A. D. 1267 mention is made in the Rolls of Parliament of "two pair of gloves with stones." Later still, under Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Oxford is spoken of as having traveled into Italy, and been the first that brought to England embroidered gloves and perfumes. He presented Her Majesty with a pair of the gloves, and she was so pleased with them that she was drawn with them in one of her portraits. Gloves were given as presents. Thus Tusser says: "Give gloves to the reapers, a largesse to cry." The monastery of Bury allowed its servants twopence each for glove money in autumn. The rural bridegroom, in the Account of the Entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, had a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry. When Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College, Oxford, visited it in 1556, the bursars offered him a present of embroidered gloves. The same year the University complimented Sir Thomas Pope with a letter of thanks, which was accompanied by a pair of rich gloves for himself and lady. These gloves cost 6s. 8d. This lady outlived her husband, and married again, on which occasion the college sent her a pair of very rich gloves, which cost 10s. The books of the same college speak of perfumed gloves, which was given to college tenants and distinguished guests, but the custom went out soon after the reign of Charles I. George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, received a glove from Queen Elizabeth, who had dropped it, and he taking it up to return it, she presented it to him as a mark of her esteem. He adorned it with jewels, and wore it in front of his hat, on tournament days. That gloves were worn in hats is intimated by Shakespeare among others. Thus in "King Lear," act iii., scene 4, Edgar says he had worn gloves in his cap. It is implied that gloves so worn had been given by some lady to an admirer as a mark of her favor, and hence they were called "favors"—a term still used of ribbons worn on certain occasions.

FACETIÆ

A magazine writer says there is a language of the hair. It is probably this power of speech that often tells it's false.

It is a debated question what Noah used to throw at the cats on the ark, as all the pictures represent his people devoid of shoes and consequently not in need of bootjacks.

If there is a time when the average boy wishes he was good like model youth of the Sunday school books, it is probably just after he has been trying to learn to chew tobacco.

The thermometer has been invented, it is true, but it can hardly claim more accuracy as a test of the heat of the weather than that time-tried institution, a limp paper collar.

The boy who stumps his toe and can't relieve his feelings by oral expression on account of the proximity of his Sunday school teacher, can very readily comprehend how it is that boilers sometimes "bust."

A Chicago paper promises to give its readers likenesses of its principal editors. All the detectives and police officers of the country intend to secure copies, as it will render identification much easier.

It is a mistake to suppose money can do everything. A quarter represents money, but it makes a fellow feel the insufficiency of earthly things when he asks four others up to "take something," and three of them order fifteen cent brandy.

It is a marked trait of the American character to want to get to the gist of a thing right away without unnecessary delay, and the habit so prevalent of blowing the froth off the beer before imbibition may be traced to this very commendable origin.

The female love for flowers is rather a reflected than an original liking—like the light of the moon as compared with the sun. It is the remembrance of their utility in the matter of decorating Spring bonnets that makes them gush towards the whole floral kingdom.

The youthful poet, when he learns that his modest tribute to Spring has found the track to glory leads to the waste paper basket, consoles himself with the reflection that if, like his youthful genius, that of Shakspeare had been so quenched, the world would have been deprived of the immortal Bard of Avon.

Most of the men at the Black Hills are sending for their wives. As the roads and the country thereabouts, however, are thronged with redskins, and they are not very particular as to the character of the hair they raise, some people aver that the miners are prompted by motives in inviting them other than the most disinterested affection.

People are frequently surprised at the extraordinary agility displayed by the cat in jumping ten-foot-high fences at a single leap. This is the result of consecutive ages of dodging to escape bootjacks and other missiles. The same quality would no doubt be developed in mankind if they had to spend about four-fifths of this earthly existence getting out of the way of exploding bombshells and lively cannon balls.

Though he has been man's faithful companion and friend for centuries, the true nature of the household dog is as yet imperfectly understood. No scientific investigator into the arcana of nature has ever ventured to explain why it is that the dog always feels compelled to be particularly demonstrative in affection and attention after having been rooting under the neighboring stable, and when we have just put on our best breeches.

BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, etc., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. They will be found mild and certain in their action, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

AT HER DOOR.

A fool for my doubting and dreaming
And following up and down!
Shall I fill my life with scheming
For a touch of my lady's gown?

Shall I plot from night to morning
For the glance of a woman's eye?
And take the wage of scorning
And wear shame's livery?

O footman, O wonder of whiteness
And diplomatic cockade!
O footman of much politeness
For my lady's lady's maid—

As you open the door of the carriage,
Just tell her I've gone away,
But will come to dance at her marriage
On somebody's happy day.

THE

NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—[CONTINUED.]

"Yes, I remember," replied Jem Bragg, whose face was very white. "Her name was Mrs. Trentham, and I did meet her."

"Well, she's somebody now, anyway. I suppose Mr. Trentham is dead—of course he must be. She's a pretty creature."

Jem did not make his mistress *au fait* to all he knew about Mrs. Trentham, but privately despatched a message to his brother to come up to the King's Arms the minute he could get away, which Matthew accordingly did.

"What's up?" he demanded, when he was fairly shut in his brother's little room, out of hearing of any one else.

"Our fortune's made, Mat, that's all."

"How?"

"It's her."

"Who's her?"

"The duchess—the woman I saw to-day. It's Mrs. Trentham—that you followed that night."

"Sure?"

"Quite; I knew her again in a minute. What, shall we do, Mat?"

"Consider the thing a bit," was the dumb man's reply.

The result of their cogitations was that they both asked for a holiday a few days afterwards, and started off for Castletowers. There was a lull in the impending storm; Lady Euphemia had said no more, but met her sister with politeness, at any rate, at the inevitable meals and family gatherings. The duke was much occupied with his steward, and there was an endless succession of callers on the new duchess, so there was no time for thought.

The Castletowers diamonds had come home, and Hilda had just dismissed the exceedingly genteel young gentleman who had brought them from London, and was still gloating over her treasures, picturing to herself the sensation she should make in the bright season that was coming for her in the gay world. A knock at her dressing-room door roused her from her dreams.

"Come in," she said, and Lizzie Pearce entered.

The duchess was somewhat puzzled at her new maid's demeanor. She was inclined to be very gracious to her on the score of old days, and would often have chatted with her for a few minutes in an unconstrained way, but Lizzie was extremely reserved. She was perfectly respectful, and neat-handed and obliging, and went about her duties as though she thoroughly understood them, but she was reserved and quiet to a degree. She seemed to ignore the past altogether, and to be only the new maid, with no knowledge as to her mistres, santecedents whatever.

Hilda wondered, knowing the girl as she did; but she made no remark. Lizzie seemed to have something on her mind—doubtless some affair of her own—love, perhaps. As long as she did her duty it was just as well that the past should be forgotten.

"What is it?" the duchess asked, toying with a butterfly of gems, which sent the bright sunlight flashing back in a thousand many-hued sparkles. "Is anything the matter, Lizzie? You look ill."

"I am quite well, my lady. I think I am a little frightened."

"Frightened!"

"Yes, my lady."

"What at?"

"I don't quite know. There are two men asking to see your grace, and——"

"Two men?"

The glittering toy the duchess held fell to the ground unheeded, and a strange, wild, haunted look came into her eyes.

"Two men?" she asked again. "What sort of men?"

The eager, craving look in her face was painful to see, and Lizzie Pearce's heart beat quick with a kind of nameless dread.

"Rough men, my lady. One of them is dumb."

"Dumb! Ah!"

The exclamation was a low moan of pain which seemed to come from the very bottom of her heart.

"My lady," said the girl, softly.

"Well?"

"Is there anything I can do? I know there's trouble round you, though I'm not sure what. Can I help you in any way? I'm very bold to speak so, but if I can do anything, let me, for the sake of all you have done for me."

"Get up, Lizzie," said the duchess, quietly, for the girl had knelt down beside her, and was clasping her dress.

Her face was fearfully pale, and her hands cold, but there was no quiver on her blue lips—no tremor in her little fingers that clasped each other in her lap.

"Get up, Lizzie," she repeated. "If there were any trouble over me that you could help to avert, I would have your aid—but there isn't. Whatever of grief or sorrow comes to me I must bear alone. Don't shake and cry like that—there's nothing, I tell you. Just tell me all about these men. Where do they come from?—who are they?—who have they seen in the house?"

"I don't know who they are, my lady," the girl replied, wiping her eyes. "I only saw them by accident, and I happened to hear——"

"What? Speak—quick, what did they say, and to whom?"

"It was to the hall porter, my lady; they came right up to the grand entrance (they know no better, I suppose) and he opened the door. I was in the hall looking for Lady Euphemia's chatelaine scissors—she said she dropped them there—and I saw them and heard what they said. One of them put his foot in the door, and Peters could not shut it, and he said, 'Tell her grace that the ostler from the King's Arms, Stafford, wants to see her. Tell her I was there on a winter night last January twelvemonths, when Mr. and Mrs. Trentham stopped there.'"

"And what did Peters say?"

"Peters is a fool, my lady," was Lizzie's reply; "he wanted to force the man's foot away and shut the door, but he kept it there in spite of him, and said, very quietly, 'You don't quite know what you are doing, master. The lady won't thank you for keeping me out, because if I can't get to see her, I'll go straight to the duke. I'll see him somehow if I wait at the park gates for a week, and I'll tell him all I've come to say to her. You'd better let me in.'"

"But they hav'n't seen the duke, Lizzie, you are sure of that?"

"I'm sure, my lady, they hav'n't seen him in the house. He's out, and the men are in Mrs. Caterham's room. I told Peters he'd better let me tell you. There wouldn't be much harm done if their business did not turn out much after all."

"But it is much; it is life and death almost. You have done well, Lizzie. Bring them up here."

"Here, my lady?"

"Yes."

"But if his grace should come in, or Lady Royston see them?"

"I am not accountable to Lady Royston for my actions, and I can answer to my husband for all I do. Bring those men here silently and unobserved, and see that there are no listeners about."

She had recovered most of her self possession, but not her color. Her face was like the face of a corpse.

"Is it coming"—she asked herself, when Lizzie had left the room—"the end of all the bright destiny I have striven so hard to win. It has been speedy, but I will not yield yet. I will wear the honors that are mine before all the world, and be every inch a duchess, in spite of all my enemies can do."

She looked up bravely enough as the two rough looking men were ushered into her room, seeming not a little confused at all the magnificence they saw there.

"Well," she said, as the door closed upon them, "what do you want?"

"We want you to give us a lift in the world, your grace," said Jem Bragg, recovering his self possesson, as he saw a glance of nervous recognition come over her face. "You don't forget where you saw me, I see. My brother here holds a secret of yours as is worth keeping, and we thought you'd bid higher than the duke to have it kept tight."

"Leave my husband's name out of the question, please. Go on; what is this secret? What have you got to say to me?"

She turned to Matthew, but Jem answered:

"My brother is dumb, my lady, or this thing might have been talked of before. Shall I tell you for him what he saw the night that you slept at the King's Arms—the night when you were so frightened because your husband did not come back to you?"

"Go on."

"They said you were not out that night, and vowed that I was drunk when I said I saw you. I wasn't; but that's neither here nor there. My brother saw you. He rode on the back of the trap you hired as far as you did, and saw where you went and what you did."

"No, no, he could not—he did not. It is all a trumped up tale to extract money—a lie!"

"It is the truth, my lady; you went to Ferndale Hollow. He thought there was something up, and he went too. There was an unfastened shutter in front of the house. He opened it, and saw into the parlor and through the open door of one room into another."

"Well, what did he see?"

"Two people: one a gentleman he knew very well—Mr. Bracy Burgoyne: he had worked for him now and then—the other the lady he had followed. The gentleman did not see the lady—and——"

"Ah! stop! Why do you come to me with all this? I tell you it is false! If you have not trumped the story up altogether, as I believe you have, you have made a mistake. I was not the person—I——"

"You were," Jem Bragg retorted. "You know that wherever Mr. Burgoyne is supposed to be buried, his grave is a lie. We know who wore the coat by which his body was identified after the railway accident, and you know and we know what would be found in the old house yonder if the cellars and vaults under it were to be searched."

He stopped, and she turned round and looked at them like some wild animal brought to bay.

"It is all lies," she said, "base, wicked lies. I expected calumny and slander—the very fact of me being what I was, and having risen to be Duchess of Castletowers, made me a mark for it, but I did not expect anything like this. Leave me, or I will call my servants and have you put out."

"Don't you ring that bell, my lady," said Jem Bragg, as she rose and laid her hand on the handle. "It might serve your purpose better to talk to me than bid your servants put me out. If you send us away with uncivil words, the duke might chance to hear our story before to-morrow, and we can prove it, every word of it, to be gospel truth."

She sat down again, cowed and shivering, but not beaten.

"Suppose I bargain with you," she said, "What guarantee shall I have that you will keep faith with me?"

"We shall do it for our own sakes, my lady. The secret is only worth anything as long as it is one. If we tell it the golden eggs will vanish."

"And the goose will die. Go on, name your price quickly, and let me be rid of you."

CHAPTER XLVI.

A TRUE BILL.

True
From first to last—the facts otherwise
Than here set down—*Sheridan Knowles.*

Jem Bragg's price was not an exorbitant one, all things considered—one hundred pounds down, to be divided between his brother and himself, and employment to be found for them about Castletowers.

"What proof have I that you will hold your tongues if you get this money," she said: "that you will not blazon to the world what you fancy you know?"

"What we do know, your grace."

"What you fancy you know," she repeated, looking him full in the face. "It is fancy."

"You'll just have to trust us, my lady."

"And suppose I will not?"

"We should tell our 'fancy,' then, whenever we chose, and, true or not it would be an ugly story to stick to her Grace the Duchess of Castletowers."

"I don't know whether I have as much money by me," Hilda said, going across the room to a pretty davenport that the duke had provided for her.

There was no tremor in her looks, no fear in her face now. Whether it was bravado or innocence it would have puzzled an outsider to tell. She opened the desk with a firm hand, and turned over its contents.

"If I pay your demand," she said, "and get his grace to employ you, it is not that I fear you in the way you think, but because, true or false, your story would be mischievous to me. I ought to be above suspicion—I should be had I been born in the purple; but all the world knows, or will know, what I was, and would be only too ready to accept the faintest whisper in my disfavor."

Jem Bragg was lost in admiration of her pluck, as he said to himself, as she came back across the room to where they stood, with a roll of notes in her hand.

"Here are one hundred pounds," she said. "Can you write?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Then sign this paper; it is only to say you have received them from me. You might deny it else."

"We shouldn't do that, your grace; we are honest."

"Hardly, in the legal acceptation of the term, or you wouldn't be here now. However, I will have your hand upon it. It will be some guide to my future proceedings."

She watched Jem Bragg write his name, and then forded the paper and put it into a secret compartment of her davenport.

"I shall see what this secret, as you call it, costs me," she said. "Some day you may understand what you fancy you saw better, and you will be somewhat surprised, I think. Oh, you need not be afraid," she added, as the dumb man would have stopped her ringing the bell. "I am only going to give some orders to my maid. You shall see the duke yourself before you leave the house. If you tell your tale to him, the hundred pounds you have extorted from me will be the last penny you will ever receive from my hands; if not, you will get all you want, and more."

"We shan't blab, my lady," replied Jem, "as long as you do the right thing by us. I'm speaking for Mat as well as myself, ain't I, Mat?"

The dumb man nodded vehemently, and said a few words in rapid pantomime.

"Oh! ah! I forgot," exclaimed Jem. "Mat says, my lady, if you want an excuse handy for doing anything for him, he once worked for Mr. Burgoyne for a bit, and saved him from being badly hurt one day, when his horse fell with him."

"I think I have heard of that," Hilda said, quietly. "But when you see my husband you will find that the Duchess of Castletowers has no need to excuse herself to his grace the duke for anything she chooses to do or leave undone."

"Of course not, my lady—no offence, I hope—but a reason comes in handy sometimes. I beg your pardon, miss, I'm sure."

The last sentence was addressed to Lizzie Pearce, who had entered to answer her lady's bell. She looked curiously at the men, and then at the duchess, and fancied she must have been mistaken in hearing Hilda say that their presence was a matter of life and death.

There was no sign of any agitation on the beautiful face that looked up at her from the luxurious low chair by the fire, and nothing but the sheepishness of finding themselves in an unexpected situation to be seen in the contenances of the two men.

"Is his grace in?"

"I think he is in the library, my lady."

"I'm glad of that. You will not be detained long, Mr.—e—what did you say your name was."

"Bragg, my lady—Jem Bragg. My brother's name is Matthew."

"Ah, Mr. Bragg! Very good. Lizzie, take these persons down to the servants' hall, and tell Mrs. Caterham I wish them to have a good dinner. They have come some distance to see me."

"Yes, my lady."

"And then go to the library, and see if the duke is disengaged. I want to see him before they go."

Lizzie obeyed, and piloted Jem Bragg and his brother to the servants' quarters of the castle. She fished pretty skillfully to find out their business, but did not succeed.

They would tell her not a word, save that they knew the duchess before she went out to India as Miss Chantrelle. Her grace was going to ask the duke to give them a bit of lift in the world, Jem said, and had bid them wait; that was all he knew.

The brothers were regaled in a fashion that made them open their eyes in amazement at the way in which gentlemen's servants lived.

Jem Bragg thought the legs of mutton and ribs of beef provided on market days at the King's Arms sumptuous provender; but they were nothing to the mighty sirloin that was brought out here, and carved for them by a man in gorgeous livery, and the colossal cheese, from which they were requested to cut as they liked.

Fine, clear homebrewed ale, out of flagons that shone like silver, was a new experience to them, the most battered of pewter pots and the smallest of beer being thought good enough for the stable yard at the King's Arms.

While they were eating Hilda was talking to her husband.

"What's all this I hear about tramps?" he said. "Johnson tells me that Peters declares that two tramps are in the house, and that they threatened to murder him, or something very near it, if he did not let them in."

"Oh, Lal, what rubbish!"

"Fact, I assure you, my dear—I mean that it is a fact that Peters says so."

"And what else does Peters say?" asked the duchess, running the ivory handle of a pen through the duke's thick curls. "You'll have to superannuate that fat old man if he tells fibs."

Her heart was beating widely as she spoke—so wildly that it might be almost seen to stir the costly lace on her pretty morning dress—and it was only by a great effort that she could force out her words. But her husband did not see it; he was all unconscious that there was anything unusual moving her.

"Peters says—Johnson is my authority, mind—that your maid Lizzie insisted upon taking the men into Caterham's sanctum, and that afterwards—and this was said with baited breath, I assure you, as if he expected me to take him by the throat and strangle him,' as Virginius says—you actually had these two murderers up into your dressing room. Now, your grace, you see of what you stand accused. Stand forth and defend yourself, fair lady."

He took her hands and held her from him, looking in her face and laughing. And she laughed back till the little lace cap she wore on the top of her golden curls quivered again with her merriment, and answered him in the words of the traduced Duchess of Mantua—

"True
From first to last—the facts not otherwise
Than here set down."

A true bill, every word of it, your grace. I believe there is nothing exaggerated, except Peters alarm. His nerves must be in a bad state. Nobody wanted to harm him."

"But he says the men were violent."

"Does he? Then he tells a—well, a fib, to put it genteelly. All the violence consisted in one of the men putting the toe of his boot between the door and the post to prevent its being slammed in his face. They wanted to come in, and Peters would not listen to them?"

"Why did they not go round to the other door? Would nothing but the grand entrance serve them?"

"They know no better. I want you to see them, Lal—they are in the servants' hall. One of them is a dumb man who was formerly in the service of—of poor Bracy, and who saved his life, I believe; the other is his brother, who has come with him."

"And they have come to trade upon your goodness and my love for you—is that it, little woman?"

"Hardly, they do not ask much; they want some employment here. Do me this much of a favor, Lal—put them into something for me."

"My dear child, I don't know of all the helpers that are wanted about the place, but I'll see."

"Ah, but now—I told them you would. Don't let me break my promise, there's a dear."

"You *exigeant* little duchess, there's no putting you off. I'll see then, if you wish, but tell me, what made you do such an *outre* thing as to take them up into your room? You should not have given the servants such a delightful theme for gossip."

"Shouldn't I? Ah, Lal, I'm afraid it will be a long time before I shall have the dignified propriety belonging to my exalted station. I do the very first thing that comes into my head without thinking whether the Duchess of Castletowers may act so with impunity. But I had a reason, dear."

"What?"

"I was doubtful what the servants might get out of these men if they had the chance of speaking to them before I did. You wouldn't like all the establishment to know that their mistress had once wanted bread in the miserable world of cold-hearted London, would you?"

"Ah no, dear! Do these men know it?"

"They do, but they will not tattle. They are honest fellows both of them."

"I'll come and see them; but, Hilda, darling, don't admit any more such visitors to your private room. Leave them all to me. You may be sure I shall know how to be generous to any one who aided you ever so little in that terrible time."

And Hilda kissed him, and promised she would receive no more equivocal people, and they went down to the servants' hall together.

Peters was very much laughed at by his fellow servants that night, and chaffed unmercifully about his story of the two men. The people who had served them declared they were quiet fellows enough, not "cheeky" even. The duke and duchess had both spoken to them, and they were coming into the stable-yard and the garden. The dumb man was to go under the gardener in whatever capacity he was fit to use him in, and the other was to be a stable helper. There was no mystery about them whatever. They had known the duchess before her marriage—that was all.

But Peters, though silenced, was not convinced.

"I know what they said," he declared, "and Miss Pearce was frightened out of her wits when she heard it. There's more in it than wanting places, and, mark my word, we shall see."

And in time they did, but in the meantime, the two men, having given notice at their several places that they were going to better themselves, were duly installed, and proved very quiet, reliable fellows, they never gossiped; no one knew more of the duchess's affairs after they arrived than they did before, and her grace seemed to take no particular notice of them.

Only Lizzie Pearce knew the destination of many an odd sovereign from her grace's pocket, nor how anxiously she inquired after the welfare of these, perhaps the meanest of her many subjects. Outwardly all went well, but in Hilda's heart there was terror unspeakable, and a weary aching that she little dreamed would have come with the coronet she so coveted.

A very thorn amongst her flowers was her husband's sister, who stayed on at Castletowers in spite of whatever dislike she had to the duchess.

"I don't want to make any fuss" she said to Lady Royston when that lady expressed her wonder at her remaining where she did not feel comfortable, "Lionel asked us to stay until he went to town, and our going away would excite remark. Besides, I cannot go—I must stay."

"Must?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To see the end."

"The end of what, in goodness name?—your own wits?"

"Perhaps. I feel as if they might go with the rest. The end of all, auntie—it will come soon—the end of our doomed race!"

"The sooner we go to town the better," Lady Royston soliloquised. "Phemie's going mad. Lionel ought to take her to a mad doctor. She's a monomaniac."

"It would almost seem that her ladyship were right. Lady Euphemia seemed to have but one idea now, and that was that her sister-in-law was unworthy of the position she held. She gave no more expression to it, and after a fashion had apologised to her brother for the wild words she had spoken; but the peace that had been patched up was a hollow one at best, and no one felt very comfortable. The time was drawing rapidly on when they were all to go to town together, and the duke trusted to the whirl of society and the brilliant life they would be leading to make Hilda forget what had passed, and Lady Euphemia think differently of her sister. It never entered his head to attribute what had passed to anything but an outburst of feeling at the *mesalliance* he had made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Boy (reading)—"And as she sailed on down the river—" Teacher—"Why are ships called she?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex)—"Because they have to have men to manage 'em"

THE MARKED FINGER.

A jealous man, Sir Chester Bowden. Even when a boy, superficial people said he was imperious because he was a baronet at twelve years of age.

Those who knew better, who had information concerning the old family of the Bowdens, had no need to be informed that the Bowdens were hard, proud, imperious, and jealous, though just, men.

They never did a wrong, and yet never seemed to be in the right.

At the inquest it was said old Sir Chester accidentally shot himself. But the county families well knew that he had taken his own life.

Even many of the common people on the estate had little or no doubt upon this point.

The reason? Three months before the crash his wife had fled from him. He made no effort to seek her out, and it was only his death and its manner which let people into the secret of his love for her.

She had been pitied by her own servants through her ten years of married life.

He always called her Lady Bowden. They never quarrelled, and they were always dull. She never smiled. There was some talk of her having loved some young farmer before she married so well. But that was, doubtless, scandal.

However, she fled; Sir Chester died, shot, three months afterwards, and young Sir Chester was nine years of age.

Boleyn Hever began by pitying Chester Bowden, and ended by liking him.

But they were never familiar. For instance, Hever always wore a piece of flesh-colored plaster between the first and second joints of the middle finger of the left hand.

Chester never asked the meaning of the patch; and once when, while boating, the plaster was rubbed away, Chester never asked what was the meaning of the seven little tattooed stars he saw where the plaster had been.

The explanation, however, was very simple. A rich old godfather, for whom the poorish Hevers had expectations, and being an old sailor, had elected thus to mark his godson.

Boleyn Hever, being naturally a high-class man, entertained a strong disgust for these marks—a disgust which reached morbidity, and hid them with flesh-colored plaster.

* * * * * * *

At twenty-three Sir Chester Bowden married one of the most dashing women of her year. He was as jealous as his father, and as proud; therefore, he had no fear of Lady Bowden being ungrateful. She was poor.

Boleyn Hever, his neighbor, had not married, and was nursing his estate, which had been left him when very much encumbered.

At what precise moment Sir Chester became jealous of his one friend he himself never knew. He was too certain of his own suffering.

He hated company, but he was bound to give fetes, balls, &c.

It was the evening before the first anniversary of his wedding, upon which occasion there was to be a ball.

Sir Chester had noticed his wife anxious all day, and his demon prompted him terribly. Why was she anxious?

After dinner she pleaded sickness, and went to her usual sitting-room, into which Sir Chester never intruded.

An hour afterwards, he sent a servant to her with some inquiry concerning the ball on the following day.

The servant returned, saying that "my lady" was not in her room.

There was murder in Chester's heart the next moment. But he only took up a heavy riding-whip.

No; not in her room!

The first trace he found of her was a pencil-case, glittering in the moonlight. He drew a line in his mind's eye from the house to it, and thence in the same direction.

"To the grape-gates," he muttered—"a straight line to his house."

On he went.

Suddenly, being on the top of a hillock, he saw Boleyn—there could be no question about the man—and with him a woman, hooded.

They were going towards the great iron open-work gates, which, from their pattern, were commonly called the grape-gates.

He uttered a horrible cry, which evidently the couple heard, for they hurried to the gates, to which there was no lodge, and one of which was open.

They must have seen Chester leaping towards them, for they ran.

He was within twenty yards of the couple when they passed the great gates, which were swung to with a terrible noise.

He ran to the gate, and then it must have been that he fainted.

When he came to himself he saw vaguely in the moonlight, and lying near to him, a small, white object.

He touched it and shuddered.

Briefly, it was a human finger, tattooed with seven small, purplish stars.

"It was Hever!" he muttered.

The finger had unquestionably been caught by the great iron gate, and nipped off like a twig by the immense weight of the iron acting on the edges of the gates.

How long had they escaped? In his fall his watch-glass was broken, and the hands were stopped. He never knew how he got back to the house.

"If you please, my lady is now in her room. Here, help!" suddenly cried the servant.

For he fainted again.

He went to his library, and there he found the key of the grape-gates still slightly swinging on its nail.

"How can she be back?" he thought. "I saw her take flight."

She looked white when suddenly he entered her room—the first time he had done so since their married life.

"Have you been from the castle, Lady Bowden?" he asked.

"No," she said gravely.

By that time he knew that he had lain insensible during a whole hour near the gate.

"She must have returned," he said, "by the gate, and passed carelessly by my quiet body. She hates me. But why has she returned?"

Next day he called upon Hever. The reply sent down was that Mr. Hever was not well, but hoped to be at the ball in the evening.

How he watched for Boleyn Hever's appearance.

He came, and gloved, too. No sign of the missing finger.

Sir Chester went up to him smilingly on the left side, and grasped his left hand. The glove yielded.

The middle finger of the glove had been stuffed with wool.

They were standing a little apart.

Still holding the maimed hand, he said, "You have sinned with my wife. You fled from me last night, but heaven avenged me, and cleft your marked finger from your wicked hand. Dare you smile?"

"Beware! I have always been your one friend, and last night was more your friend than ever?"

"A hypocrite as well as monster!" he said. "Do you know what I am going to do?"

"What?"

"Kill that woman here, before her guests, and, like my father, make an end to myself."

"And as needlessly madman. The woman you saw came with me to warn your wife, out of her own experience, to bear any cruelty you might heap upon her rather than take flight. The poor creature may or may not have been guilty, Chester; but she proved her love for you when she forced herself to see your wife, and save her from such an outcast life as her own has been for many years."

"Who—who was she?"

"Your mother. Ah!—is there a doctor here?"

Past earthly help, for Sir Chester Bowden had fallen forward—dead!

But his hands were entreatingly clasped.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

SMOKING AND EATING.—It is a bad habit to smoke immediately after a meal, instead of allowing a short interval to elapse. A stimulus is thereby given to the stomach and digestion proportionately hurried. In dealing with nature, we should hurry nothing; let everything be done leisurely, methodically, and in carefully regular time.

PERPETUAL CLOCK.—*Nature* says that a French inventor has recently proposed a perpetual clock, based on the difference of atmospheric temperature by day and by night. The heat of day causes a liquid to rise into a reservoir, whence it falls by gravity, so operating the mechanism. This is a very old idea. More than twenty years ago, we saw a form of perpetual clock which was wound by the diurnal rise and fall of a column of oil.

FANCY BREAD.—The well-to-do, who patronize fancy bread at fancy prices, are treated to as much adulteration in their flour as the poor; their breakfast rolls are whitened with alum, which is an astringent, hindering digestion. The rich, however, have only themselves to blame if their bread is not pure wheaten, for pure wheat yields a grayish loaf, and if whiteness and sponginess be asked, they can be obtained only at the expense of quality.

SHAKING HANDS SCIENTIFICALLY.—The ingenious French have contrived a novel way to impress the barbaric mind. M. de Brazza, who has charge of the expedition to Senegal, carries an electric battery in his pocket connecting with two rings on his hand and with other apparatus scattered about his person. When he shakes hands with a savage chief, that chief will be very much astonished, for the electric shock will run up his arm and he will see lightning playing about the head of his visitor.

REMEDY FOR WOUNDS.—An eminent Boston physician has found in the juice of the milkweed a remedy for suppurating wounds. The time of healing varied from 24 to 30 hours; but in each instance new skin formed completely across. He states that the only essential point is to dry the wounded surface thoroughly and gently with blotting paper before applying the milkweed juice. After the juice is applied, and while the healing is in progress, a piece of blotting paper is used to cover the surface.

FORESTAL DESTRUCTION.—All the countries in which trees have been remorselessly felled have invariably suffered owing to the meteorological changes which ensued. About the year 1490 the Guadalquiver Valley in Spain supported about seven millions of robust men; but, after the disappearance of the live oak and chestnut groves from the hights above, the population dwindled to one million and a quarter of cadaverous people, forced to toil upon sandy and barren land. The effect of forestal destruction may be also seen on most of the European rivers, for during the last fifty years the Elbe and the Oder have fallen seventeen inches, the Rhine twenty-four, the Vistula twenty-six, and the Danube at Orsova fifty-four inches, all this accompanied by a corresponding diminution of the discharges from springs.

PORT WINE MARKS.—Several English surgeons have of late endeavored to remove this disfigurement from the human face, obliterating the mark without a scar. In these cases the mark was confined to the right half of the face, and the treatment consisted of scarification by means of parallel incisions the entire thickness of the skin, made by a frozen scalpel, the skin being also frozen by means of the ether spray. The cuts were one-sixteenth of an inch apart, and as soon as these were healed a second set of parallel incisions were made obliquely to the direction of the first set, and so on with a series of operations until complete. Perfect success was the result, as the port wine mark gradually faded away, and was finally obliterated without leaving a scar. Instruments have since been prepared having sixteen parallel blades, which make the operation very simple to execute.

FEMININITIES.

Young women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

It is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect that it has in the barrel of a musket—it assists her in going off.

There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate; her keen teeth are dangerously near to her sweet lips.

Women will not hold offices in the Episcopal church hereafter, as they must own to being twenty-five years old before they can do so.

A woman's mind might ponder thoughts for ages, and not gain as much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in one day.

Arabella to the Captain: "How different you soldiers are from us! With us a conquest only begins, while with you it ends, the engagement!"

An abandoned wretch affirms that in engaging a wife, nothing but a ring is necessary, but nothing short of cash will secure a good hired girl.

The excuse of a young lady to her clergyman, who caught her napping, was: "Don't you think that ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake?"

A lady on the West Side was joked about her nose, which has an inclination to turn up. "Ah, do not say anything about my nose; it was a birthday gift."

A number of papers are learnedly discussing the question why a woman cannot throw a stone. A woman who lives in a glass house can throw a stone quite as well as a man.

"Does your sister Annie ever say anything about me?" asked an anxious lover. "Yes," replied the little girl, "she said if you had rockers on your shoes, they'd make nice cradles."

When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows, and gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding, we may commence to look for other symptoms of old maidhood.

A Vermont girl fell out of a rocking chair and received injuries that killed her in two hours. Moral—Young girls should not sit in a rocking chair unless there is a strong young man in it to hold them.

Husband—Was the Ladies' Club lively to-night, dear? Wife—No; awfully dull; every member was present, and of course one can't speak of people before their faces. So we had nothing to talk about.

"Just one!" murmured he, involuntarily drawing closer to her luscious lips. "So I notice," she replied, glancing at the clock, "and time for you to turn up your coat collar and shut the door from the outside." He went.

An ambitious young man of Monroe county, Illinois, thought it would show his familiarity with the usages of fashionable society to have his engagement printed in the village paper under the heading of "Betrothed"; but when at the trial of the action for breach of promise, the advertisement was put in marked Exhibit A, he was very sad indeed.

THE SQUIRREL.

Translated from the German.

BY JULIA K. TORREY.

Let us take a peep at that pretty and active little creature, the squirrel, as it appears in its home among the trees.

It is early springtime. We leave the town behind us, wrapped in the misty veil of early morning, and wander onward, through the green fields, where the larks are raising their glad voices in jubilant song.

The dew drops lie like jewels upon every bush, and flash like diamonds on the grass; and, as our quick feet pass rapidly on, our eyes gather in all the freshness and beauty around us.

We now enter the woods, and a quiet peace enters our hearts, as if we had stepped into a holy Cathedral.

This is Nature's Cathedral, the majestic pillars of which are formed of the proud, towering beech trees, which have put on, like an awakened soul, a bright, new dress of green.

Every little leaf seems to be ornamented with fine, silken eyelashes, among which the soft spring winds rustle and produce such melody, that we feel as if we were listening to the suppressed voice of an organ; and a sweet, solemn feeling creeps over us, that no words can describe.

We wander dreamily on, and enter a grove of oak trees. Here no soft, fresh green gladdens the eye, for the leaves of the oak have not awakened to the full beauty of Spring life; they lie dotted over the trees, curled up like babes in the cradle, and will not unfold and spread themselves in the sunshine, for a week to come.

While we are walking among these faint tokens of coming strength, suddenly, at a short distance from us, a squirrel leaps over the way.

It scans us curiously, with its pretty eyes, which are beaming with cautious activity. Then he hops to an oak, climbs the trunk with startling rapidity, and, feeling secure among the curled leaves and dark branches, leaps gaily and merrily up to the top of the tree, then down, and out, to the very tip of the side branches, watching us curious from the safe position.

We step nearer. But now the little animal climbs higher and higher, swinging himself so quickly from bough to bough, and from limb to limb, that our eyes can scarcely follow the nimble, little climber.

At last he escapes us. We look for him vainly in the intertwining branches; and as it seems as if we would not be able to find the fleet little creature again, we ramble quietly on, in the hope of meeting another of these nimble, little animals.

Our expectations are soon realised; for, at not a great distance before us, we hear a rustling in the dry leaves.

Standing perfectly still, with eyes alert, we soon see a frisky young squirrel.

He springs over the ground, in great vaulting leaps; sometimes with his pretty, bushy tail gracefully curved; then, the next instant, it will fly up erect, as if it had a faint idea of rivalling the trees in height.

Suddenly he stands still, settles himself on his hind paws, drops his tail like a mantle over his back, and holds in his fore paws the kernel of a nut—or is it a pine cone?—which he has just picked.

Then the sharp nail-like teeth bore through the hard shell of the nut, or else send scattering the scaly house of the cone, with careless ease, reaching the meats quicker, and easier, than you can with your hammer. Then he nibbles away at the contents, feeling secure in our presence, seeing that we do not intend to harm him.

After finishing his morning meal, he hopped contentedly away, and climbed up an oak, seeming to prefer the opposite side of the tree from us, as if to escape our anxious glances.

The squirrel is well known to all boys and girls. If their bright little faces have not greeted you, in the woods, they certainly have peeped up at you, from a cage, in which they have been imprisoned. Frequently, too, in turning over the leaves of a book, you will come to a wild-wood picture, out of which a squirrel looks, just ready, it seems, to leap away into his dearly loved home among the trees.

You see in him, the nimble gymnast of our woods and groves.

How he lives, and what he eats you shall now learn.

Sometimes he plays robber, and climbs up the trees with eyes eager for the sight of a nest full of tempting eggs. When he finds it, he breaks boldly in, and enjoys a good feast, unless the owner of the nest returns home, and in piping tones of wrath orders him to leave, which he does as fast as his four feet can carry him away, for the scolding bird proprietor frightens all the bravery out of his little robber-heart.

Birds eggs the squirrel considers the dainties of all morsels; but when he desires anything more substantial, he indulges in beech nuts, hazel nuts, pine cones, hickory nuts, chestnuts, leaf buds, young sprouts, etc. He also has a good appetite for truffles, which he digs out of the ground, at the foot of trees.

The squirrel is classed among the gnawing animals, and is undoubtedly the prettiest and most graceful of them all.

Especially will his superiority be remarked, when one compares him to the rat or mouse, which belong to the same order.

The latter live in dark holes, and hollows in the earth, while the former spends his life in the beautiful trees of our pine and oak forests.

His bushy tail, his soft, long, pointed ears, his soft, fur coat, and his bright active eyes, raise him far above the rat, which can be likened to him only in size. The slim, cold tail and naked ears of the rat do not make him at all ornamental or pleasing in appearance.

The squirrel hoards his food away for winter use, concealing it so completely in hollow trees, and other appropriate places for storeage, that frequently he is unable to find it again.

During the winter they hide themselves away for days at a time, not daring to venture out of their warm, round nests of moss, twigs and leaves, the entrance of which securely locks out the severe cold, and driving snows.

The squirrel builds his leaf nest in March. Besides being composed of moss, twigs and leaves, he also takes for its foundation the forsaken nests of birds.

As early as April, in this cozy, little home, if one peeps between the interlacing twigs, one will find within, from three to seven cunning little ones, whose eyes have not yet opened.

If there is danger of their young being disturbed, the parents will carry them off to another nest.

The color of the squirrel is in general, a brownish red, mixed with grey on the flanks, while the under side is grey, or grey white.

The black squirrel, which one so seldom meets, is one variety. It is recognised by its red eyes and red tail; in other respects it does not differ from the common squirrel.

The Northern squirrel is of a beautiful grey above, and beneath, white. Its fur is frequently taken for that of the Siberian squirrel.

Among the enemies of the squirrel, may be mentioned the pine martin, which often, for a full half hour, will follow it from tree to tree, from branch to branch, up and down, hither and thither, in a truly desperate death-hunt.

The owl, hawk, and buzzard, are also his bitter enemies.

His voice comes out, when he is in happy spirits, in a piping tone. When distressed, or excited, he gives vent to a peculiar snarling, or grunting sound, while, with his feet, he will stamp, or scratch the ground.

We have before spoken of the food of the squirrel, yet it is well to mention that a little nibble of bitter almonds, from which prussic acid is extracted, will kill him quickly.

Also the kernels of the apricot, peach, and plumb, which likewise contain prussic acid, prove fatal to him.

Old squirrels are very hard to tame; but those taken from the nest can easily be raised, and will remain on the most friendly terms with man, until they become old, when they are apt to grow spiteful and cross.

The bite of the squirrel, on account of the sharp, pointed teeth, which cut deep, is very painful; and the wound must be carefully dressed, for a long time, before it will heal.

The young squirrel sometimes finds friends, not only among men, but among other animals which are numbered as its enemies.

Ludwig Brehm, in an article, "On the fostering nature of many animals" gives us an interesting anecdote.

He tells us with what motherly love a cat once guarded a squirrel.

Brehm says: "We often gave our cat young squirrels to raise. She tended them with as much solicitude as love. One of these little squirrels,—a black one—became remarkably tame. It was as playful and pretty as the kittens, into whose midst it had been placed. And the old cat encouraged it to indulge in the frisky ways of her own little ones.

One could not look upon a prettier picture than the one made by the old cat, kittens, and rabbit.

If her adopted child, in the wild glee that was so natural to it, happened to go too far from the cat, she would, with imperative mewings, soon bring it back to her side.

This foster child was much more obedient than are many children to their dear mothers, for at the call of the cat it would run quickly towards her, leap playfully behind her, and follow whither she might lead.

When the cat led her foster child down the roadside to the meadow, it was pleasant to see how her motherly eyes would keep turning back, to see if her lively young charge was following her, safe, and free from danger.

The mother-cat and child-squirrel lived in happy harmony and love together, until the squirrel was shot by a hunter, who mistook it for a wild rover of the woods."

BENEATH THE SNOW.

"The snow, the snow! How can anyone call it the beautiful snow? The snow—look at it—falling, falling, falling; the ground is white with it, the air is full of it. The sky looks as though it were only another bank of snow; the mountains are snow-mountains. Look at the dog yonder lost in the drift already, five feet from the door. What a wedding-day, what a wedding-day! Ivan will never get here—never. Neither man nor horse could pass the valley and climb the mountain-road in this storm. Not Ivan, though he is the bravest man that ever lived; not to meet his bride on his wedding-day. No, Ivan cannot come!"

So I cried, past all reticence, past all fear of what anyone should think of me—for my wedding-dress was donned, and my veil lay ready.

And my bridesmaids sat at the window, drearily watching the pathless road, and Ivan's mother swayed to and fro in her chair, holding in her hands the little pearl necklace that I had not had patience to clasp about my throat; and below, the clergyman and the rest of the guests—very few they were—waited for the bridegroom—for my bridegroom—who was that day to cross rivers and broad valleys, and climb the steep mountain road, to meet and marry me.

"It is madness to think that Ivan will even try to come," I said again. "Take off this dress of mine; put away that lace. I tell you he will not come."

Ivan's mother lifted up her head.

"My son Ivan will be here," she said. "All the snows that ever fell could not keep my son Ivan at the fireside, like a girl or an old woman, on his wedding-day. He said he should start upon the road at dawn. He did—snow or no snow. I know Ivan."

"Oh, mother, mother!" I cried—for I called her so already; it was her wish—"Oh, mother, mother! do you know what you say? If he started at dawn the storm fell upon him; before and behind lay the white drifts. He can no more go back than onward. There is no shelter of any kind. Think—think!"

"I do think," said Ivan's mother. "That is why I say he will be here, when I know he took the road at dawn! It is you who must think."

The wind came whistling down the pass and flung the snow against the window-panes, as if invisible spirits were playing pranks with us.

Up the stairs came the voice of the old pastor:

"Petrea, Petrea, may I come—may I speak to you?"

Then he entered.

"My child," said he, "have courage. Your betrothed will not be here. He has had too much good sense to leave the station with this snow deep as it was at dawn upon the ground. He is there impatient, anxious, no doubt, but he cannot be blamed for that which God hath sent, and the storm will pass, and the skies grow clear again. Now we must go, if we wish to reach your homes comfortably. You may find the roads impassible for days; but you have fuel, food, lights, and the merry wedding will end it all happily at last. Adieu. Be hopeful. Have no faith in any foolish superstitions. A wedding postponed is as lucky a one as any other. Adieu, again!"

My two bridesmaids kissed me and went away.

Ivan's mother followed them to the room below, and we were alone in the house, save for Zina, the maid, and Zipf, the boy, who cared for the cow, I and Ivan's mother; and this is all she said to me:

"My son will come, for he started at dawn. What Ivan says he will do that he does."

The grey day was dying, without seeming sunset; the snow fell thicker and faster.

In every window Ivan's mother set lighted candles.

"As my son comes up the road he will see them," she said. "They will cheer him—they will tell him that Petrea and his mother know that he will come."

The twilight was gone, black night came.

We could no longer see the white snow; still the candles burnt—low in the sockets now.

The clock struck at intervals, with a loud whirr before its strokes.

When it struck twelve Zipf came into the room where we sat—the lower room where the untouched wedding feast still lay upon the table—and said gravely:

"Is it madam's will that the cow should be brought into the kitchen?"

"Why should it be?" asked Ivan's mother. "Zipf, are you sober?"

"Indeed, I am sober, madam," said Zipf. "But once I lived in a house lonely like this, among the mountains like this, and the snow fell also like this, and but that we brought the cow into the kitchen that night we should have seen her no more. Besides, the milk was of use while we were buried alive three days."

"Zipf," cried Ivan's mother, "leave the cow in the cow-house. The snow cannot fall so fast as to cover it; for if it did my son could not come to us—my son, who is on his way, who left the station at dawn, as he said he would."

Zipf bowed and went out. One of the candles dropped into the socket with a splutter, and the long end of the wick flared up for a moment and then went out.

There was a sound at the door.

"It may be Ivan," cried his mother.

She opened the door. A great ball of snow rolled in and shook itself.

It was the dog whom Zipf had shut out for a moment. The snow was far above the sill.

"I shall not scold Ivan for spoiling the floor to-night," said his mother. "I can remember now the marks of his little feet upon it when they were only so long"—and she held her fingers an inch or so apart—"a baby's feet. He was never afraid of snow, my boy Ivan; a bold, strong fellow."

Another candle sputtered out.

"Zipf," called Ivan's mother, "bring more candles."

"Madam," said he, "if the candles should all be burnt before the snow melts away and the roads are clear the ladies would not like to sit in the dark."

"My son must see the lights in the window," cried Ivan's mother.

Zipf brought the candles. None of us slept.

We heard Zina praying on her knees in the kitchen, Zipf passed about.

The small hours came. It was four o'clock—five—six—seven.

"How dark the day is?" said Ivan's mother.

"That is because snow covers all the panes of the windows. Upstairs it is lighter," said Zipf.

He blew the last candle out. We went to the upper room. From the sills we looked across a level waste of snow. The evergreen bushes were swallowed up; the bare upper branches of the trees appeared above the snow. The great drift had almost covered us in.

Zipf brought coffee upstairs; we drank it. We ate something which neither of us tasted. I dare not weep.

It was day again, and Ivan had not come. I cast myself down upon the bed on my face. I had not yet taken off the white silk dress. I dared not.

There I lay, crushing back my tears, and the sleep of exhaustion overtook me.

Deep and profound was the slumber that fell upon me. I awoke to see a candle burning dimly.

"Is it night again?" I asked.

No one answered; and then I saw that there was no sky, no falling snow; only a white, chill crust against those upper windows.

"Mother!" cried I.

Then Ivan's mother arose from her knees and stood beside me like a ghost.

"I am glad you have slept," said she; "but I have watched it—fall, beating, drifting. It is above the roof now—no windows, no door will open. We are buried alive!"

"How long since I fell asleep?" I asked.

"A day and a night," said she.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The dog howling," she answered. "The fire has gone out, the chimneys are stopped with snow, but Zipf has made coffee on the hearth; drink, eat, and, believe me, Ivan will come yet."

"Ivan will never come," I cried. "He lies in his grave under the snow, and, oh! may this be ours! Mother, mother! let us lie down and die! Ivan will never come!"

I cast myself down upon the bed again, but this time I did not sleep.

It was as dark as night, and soon the clock stopped, and we knew not the hour.

Zipf came to and fro and brought us food; Zina wept perpetually; the dog howled.

At last Ivan's mother watched no longer, but slept.

It was while she lay thus that a terrible crash shook the house, and Zipf and Zina came rushing in, shaking with terror.

The great weight of snow upon the low kitchen roof had crushed it in.

All our food was in the great pantry beyond the kitchen—all our candles also.

We were now actually in a sort of grave, and our death seemed but a question of time.

I did not feel any horror at the thought; to live would have seemed the most terrible thing. But Zipf loved life, and Zina had a living lover beyond that world of snow; and Ivan's mother, pacing to and fro in the dim room, said, over and over again:

"Courage, Ivan will come. I know my boy; he will come."

"She has gone mad," I said to myself; and I wished that I could go mad also.

"I am hungry," said Zina, at last. "I am beginning to starve."

And then I knew I was also hungry.

"Mother!" I cried.

"Grapes, grapes," she said; "golden grapes! Who ever saw such things? Here, catch them, Petrea!"

She, too, had visions.

Then down in the darkness, on the floor, we heard Zipf's voice.

"I will kill the dog first," said he; "after that the women. I can live until the snow melts."

Zina shrieked. A horror fell upon me that aroused me.

"Ivan, Ivan!" I cried.

The words drove his mother's dreams away.

"Is my son coming?" said she.

"No one can ever come to us." I said.

"Hush!" said she. "Hark!"

There was a sound—a low, dull thud.

"The rest of the house is falling," said Zina.

Again we heard the noise, louder than before—a sound of steady, regular strokes.

"It is above us," I said.

Then came a crash. The panes of the windows were beaten in. Snow fell upon the floor and scattered over us. A beam of pale light lit the room.

"My God be praised! They are digging us out," cried Zipf.

And I strove to rise, and swooned away.

All was dark, all was silent for a while; then I felt a warm bosom beneath my cheek, and I heard Ivan's mother say, faintly:

"I said you would come—I knew you would come—that all the snows that ever fell could not keep you."

The light fell in at the windows, kind faces were about us; there was food and drink, and, best of all, I was in Ivan's arms.

The drift had been worse in that little mountain cliff than elsewhere.

Few men could have crossed the valley and the mountains, but Ivan had done it. He had reached the pastor's house at last, and all the village had been at work helping him to dig his bride from the snow for two long days.

The wedding was merry after all. The snow glittering in the sun; the wedding dress was rumpled, but who heeded?

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CALLA LILIES.—Plant calla lilies in the garden in summer, and in the autumn pot them as follows: One-third sand and the remainder good garden soil; water with hot water, and in the pot-saucer keep a sponge saturated with ammonia.

HORSE FEED.—It is economy to feed ground grain to work horses. A pailful of moistened cut hay with three quarts of ground feed mixed with it is a good quantity of feed for one horse. Give it nearly dry. A good feed for a work horse is equal parts of corn, oats and wheat bran.

TO KILL THE ROSE SLUG.—Dust the plant weekly with powdered or air-slacked lime, road-dust, or ashes, and repeat as often as may be required, or the plant may be thoroughly sprinkled and washed with a strong suds made of soft soap. Another excellent remedy is whale oil soap, one pound to eight gallons of water; bend the bush over and apply with a whisk broom.

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FLOWER GARDEN.—A frequent use of a sharp rake will keep the borders in good condition and free of weeds. Transplant annuals and sow seeds for succession. Bedding plants may be put out, and the trailing ones pegged down. Divide dahlia roots, so as to have a piece of tuber with each shoot, and set out, first planting a strong stake. Tie to stakes all plants liable to be thrown down by winds. Remove spent flower clusters, unless seeds are wanted. When the leaves of spring-flowering bulbs die, take up the bulbs and dry them a few days before storing away.

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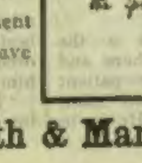

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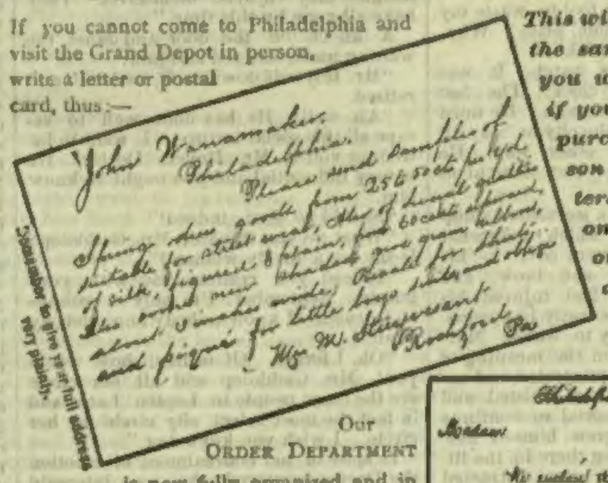
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Please send samples of
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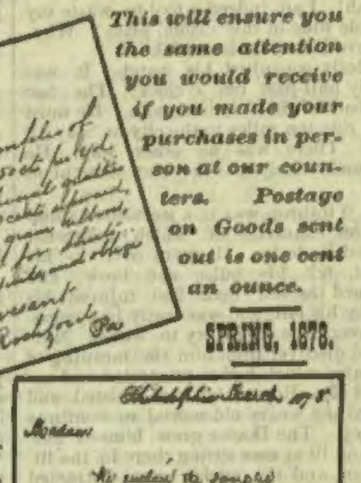
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We enclose the samples you ask for, with prices marked. Will be happy to fill your order promptly. If not satisfactory, will exchange goods and refund money. Other remittances if required. Will send the goods by mail. Or we will send by Express C.O.D. if you prefer. Please write us whenever you need anything. Kindly mention orders and state the prices desired.
Yours Respectfully
John Wanamaker

John Wanamaker, 13th & Market, Philad'a.

FORGET THEE.

Forget thee! If to dream by night and think on thee by day,
If all the raptures deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee a thousand in an hour,
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,
If this thou callest forgetting thee, indeed thou art forgot.

Forget thee! Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon,
Forget thee! Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune,
And the leaves forget to drink the ever pure refreshing dews,
Thyself forget thine own dear land, with its mountains wild and blue,
Forget each old familiar face, each long remembered spot,
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot.

Keep if thou will thy maiden peace still calm and fancy free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should be less glad for me!
Yet while that heart is still unwon, oh bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble flame and uncomplaining love;
If thine preserved through patient years at length avail me not,
Forget me then, but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

VIII.

COMPLICATIONS.

Old Martin Winthrop was still asleep, sound asleep on the lounge in the little reception room, where the Doctor entered on tip toe for fear of awakening him, and he saw his eccentric patient slumbering peacefully. How to remove him from this situation was what troubled Enderly just then. He did not see how he could manage this. He could not identify the coachman who allowed him to enter, or he would have called on him and paid him liberally to transport old Martin down to the city.

There was quite a stir and bustle outside. The guests were departing, and there were so many people passing and repassing the room where the Doctor was, that he at length became irked at the frequent popping in of curious feminine faces, and he closed the door. Then he took the liberty to pull a bell cord, and when in answer to its summons a servant came, he said to him:

"Find me a carriage quickly! I must get this old man home!"

"All the carriages is private ones, sir. I'm afeerd there's none hereabouts at all!"

"Try to find me one! You shall be paid for your trouble!"

"All right, sir!" and darting from the door like a species of puppet pulled by a wire from above, was off on his errand in an instant.

"If I can't find a carriage or something of the sort," muttered Enderly, as he stood gazing at the sleeping old man, "I shall have to hire some of these lackeys to carry him to the train. He can't stay here! Nor can I! I have to make the train myself!"

As he stood there he was puzzling over the queer events of the past forty-eight hours, the labyrinth into which he had plunged, and to the secret windings of which he as yet saw no key, no clue of escape. Then this haughty lady Royer—her proud bearing, her fire, her majestic presence—conquered by the sight of a forlorn, half-blind, half-deaf old man. Why had she fainted? Was there not some deep mystery hidden in all this? He paced the floor, weaving new webs of thought and brooding over his unfortunate quandary.

A knock at the door, and the servant reappeared with the announcement:

"Sorry, sir. No carriages to be had, sir!"

"Confound it! They must be had!" said Enderly. "Go and find me a carriage, cart, anything which will go, and have it brought here right away! I can't wait! You need not fear the expense! Buy me a carriage if you can't do better! Curse this adventure, I say. What do you mean standing there, my man, when I order you to get me a carriage? Off with you and bring me one. I won't take any excuse! I must get this old man out of the house to-night! So be quick about it!"

"Pon my word, I can't see any carriage, sir. Them's all private ones, sir, and the coachmen won't listen to a word I say, sir."

"Do you know the coachmen?"

"Some of 'em, sir."

"Then find out which one of them brought a person in here who asked him to let him mount beside him on the seat. Find him out, and if you find him send him to me. I remember now, the carriage had a pair of black horses to it. So you'll know it well enough. Be quick about it, fellow! I want to get out of this!"

Away went the servant, and the Doctor growled:

"Bah! I am indeed a fool to waste my valuable time in this dismal place! Why, I believe I'm quite homesick!"

Enderly consulted his watch. It was already half-past ten o'clock. The last train had left half an hour ago. He must either ride ten miles to the city or stay all night. There was no other way. He grew melancholy at the very thought of it.

Old Winthrop was in a stertorous slumber, the character of which somewhat alarmed Enderly. He went over to his patient, felt his pulse and brow, and imagined the old man had injured his head by his fall, and was really in a coma. He thought he would try to waken Martin and discover from him the meaning of the alarm which had so prostrated and unnerved Mrs. Royer, but he desisted and allowed the weary old mortal to continue his sleep. The Doctor grew himself nervous and ill at ease sitting there in the little room, and the outside noises distracted him. He had waited nearly half an hour, when the servant again came in and said:

"I guess I can get Mr. Royer's coachman to hitch up the horses, sir."

"Ah! I'm glad of that! Have them harnessed at once!"

"All right, sir."

"You had better send word to Mrs. Royer that I desire this done before you speak to the coachman. Where is Mr. Royer?"

"He is out."

"Well, then send my message to the lady and tell her I am waiting here and desire a conveyance to take my patient home. I have charge of this old man, and he must not be ill-treated. He is in my keeping, and I must see that he is taken home this night!"

"All right, sir."

When the servant vanished on his errand upstairs the Doctor began to think of his friends whom he had left so abruptly in the Kiosque and he determined to go out and tell them of his adventure, but as he turned to leave the room, a message came from Mrs. Royer that she wished to see him, so he went upstairs again and confronted the queen.

She was entirely alone.

"Doctor, you must stay here to-night. It is too late for the train."

"Thank you, but I have taken the liberty to order your coachman to take me and my charge to town."

"I countermand the order! Your charge! Pray, do you mean the old man?"

"I do."

"Ridiculous! He must go alone. I have given orders to my servants to put him out of the house, and if he does not leave I shall have him handed over to the watchman."

"He is sound asleep now, madam, and I do not advise you to disturb him. Remember I am interested in him, and you ought not interfere. To be sure he is an intruder and a stranger, but I will be responsible for him."

"I could not sleep if I thought that horrible being was in the house. No, no—he must not, can not, shall not stay!"

"Why is the miserable creature so odious to you, Mrs. Royer?"

"I hate the sight of him!" she retorted, looking calm and speaking in a low decided tone of voice, while her face changed in color and grew wan and livid as the anger she concealed so well made itself apparent only in such change of complexion.

"Sit down, Doctor, I will tell you all. I hope I am charitable. People say I am. I hope I have some good qualities—people say I have. But I am pestered day after day with just such beggars as these, and I try to help them, try to make their vulgar lives happier and better; and when I was summoned from the midst of a merry making to confront this impudent beggar, the very sight of his horrible face and his squalor froze the blood in my veins and I could not bear it—I grew dizzy—I fainted."

Enderly smiled and said:

"You are very sensitive, Mrs Royer; you have not been accustomed to seeing misery and rags and tatters—misery bowed down with age, white haired, blind, and palsied. It is a pity indeed that you saw him."

"I hate old people. I'd hate myself if I should live to grow wrinkled and faded and tottering—ha, ha!" She laughed a really merry laugh, the first laugh the Doctor had ever heard from her, and he was not only astounded but irritated to no little degree at her calm apathy, her intolerable sangfroid.

"No doubt my old patient hates himself, but he loves somebody and no doubt has been loved. And the half-crazed old dotard is always dreaming of his lost daughter, his dear Carrie. He summoned me a few nights ago, and I found him living in the squalor of a cellar in a miserable street, or rather alley, in the darkest heart of the city,—no one to love him, no one to cheer him into anything like sunshine! Think of his position, Mrs. Royer. A poor young girl who lives in the house is the only creature who has ever ministered to his comforts, and now you say you hate old age. Surely you have some pity!"

"Perhaps I have, Doctor. But I don't like unpleasant things, I never did. I always had ease and pleasure and merriment and comfort. I'm spoiled, I know. I always was from a mere child, and now I can't change my nature; I detest misery!"

"You have never experienced it, fortunately," said Enderly.

"Not since I lost my heart, Doctor. My heart is gone—if I ever possessed such a useless and emotional organism. I'm heartless, you think. Possibly I am, and cruel too, in your eyes, but we shall see, we shall see! I hope you will find everything to your comfort here, Doctor. There's a spacious spare-room, which the servant will show you."

"Thank you. But the old man?"

"Must go!"

"Then I must go. I cannot see him thrust away and cast out, blind and helpless, to grope his way home. That will not do."

"Just as you please, Doctor. You are welcome here. By the way, I received a telegram from Mrs. Holbrooke a short time ago, saying that she would be here by the next train. In that case you can see her to-morrow if you stay, and I know you came expressly to see her."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Doctor. "So Mrs. Holbrooke is coming! Well, well; I may very probably get the clue I desire from her. When is she to arrive?"

"About midnight."

"I will accept your hospitality, Mrs. Royer and remain over, for I must see Mrs. Holbrooke. In fact, I couldn't reach home now if I wanted to, unless I spent half the night wandering about these lanes. But your guests departed early, Mrs. Royer."

"Very. You see I was so indisposed that I could not give them the attention I would have liked. I am sorry, but I imagine they enjoyed themselves. They have all gone by this time."

A knock on the door and Janet, the waiting maid, entered and said:

"Mr. Royer is downstairs, ma'am," and retired.

"Ah, well! He has done well to escape all this social torture. I want to introduce you to Mr. Royer, Doctor. He is very influential and you ought to know him."

"Should be glad, indeed!"

"What do you think of Mrs. Gaddolop? Is she not a lovely woman?"

"Indeed you confuse me with your guests. Remember, I'm only a tramp—an intruder—I know nobody here, nobody at all."

"Oh, I forgot. Of course; how could you! Mrs. Gaddolop and all her circle are the finest people in Lapton Lane, and in fact the most select city circle is her circle. I wish you knew her."

In spite of her concealment of emotion the Doctor perceived she was intensely agitated, and when the waiting maid entered the room somewhat suddenly, Mrs. Royer gave a perceptible start.

"Well?" indignantly at the maid.

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Royer's gone to help to put the old man out. There's such a fuss."

"How is that, young woman?" demanded Enderly. "Put the old man out! What do you mean by that?"

"Why you see the old beggar was actually asleep in the reception room on the best lounge, and George and the two colored servants, Luther and Alexander, put him out."

"Did they, indeed!" cried Enderly, rising from his chair and moving towards the door. "Good night, Mrs. Royer, I shall see to this matter!" and he left the room and darted down the stairs and into the reception room.

Nobody there. The gas was out. He passed through the entry to the verandah and looked out. In the distance lights still twinkled in the pavilion, and there was now and then a passing carriage and a score of people standing about.

Enderly secured his hat and cane and made directly for the crowd.

"Which way did the old man go? Can anybody here tell me?"

"Why, yes," exclaimed a lackey. "They hustled him off double-quick over towards the road there, mister, and he'll never tramp it again around here."

"Who did this?"

"I for one," said George, who was standing among this group, smoking a stump.

"Who gave you orders—Mrs. Royer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I countermand the orders. Bring the old man back. Do you hear!"

There was a laugh at this speech and George replied:

"Bring him back! why where are we to find him. We roused him up and sent him adrift, and I think it'll puzzle the deuce to find him this time of night, the old thief!"

"I order you to find him and bring him back, or you shall rue it!" cried the Doctor in a loud voice, for he illy concealed his intense rage and disgust. "See to it! Which way did he go?"

"Hang it, how can I tell? Luther and Alexander went with him to the gate; I stayed back."

"Where are they?"

"I don't know."

"This is getting too bad!" said Enderly. "I'll find the old man myself!" and he made a dash across the lawn down towards where the two lamps which guarded the stone entrance way to the ground, showed the entrance way to the lane with tolerable distinctness.

"By Heaven, this is an outrage on humanity!" he growled. "This Royer woman is in league with evil spirits, and this Holbrooke woman has some motive in trying to keep her own father out of the house. She comes here to-night, I must see her, I must, and lay before the unnatural daughter the story of her poor old father's life. But where the deuce am I to find this old fellow! The ruffians! To thrust him out at night in the dark. By the powers, I'll have this affair looked into! I'm not to be insulted by this puppy——"

He stumbled down the incline which opened upon the road, and then found himself in total darkness, for just at this point the high stone walls of the domain shut out the not too brilliant illumination of the lamps and cast a complete shadow over the lane.

Enderly was entirely lost. He did not know which way to move. He stood a moment, and then walked slowly down the lane, feeling his way as best he could, and wishing he had brought his gig with him.

"I'm completely bewildered and upset to-night, and if it wasn't for that old man I'd foot it the whole way home rather than stay in this abominable neighborhood. But where shall I find old Martin? Confound it, my philanthropy is indeed more of a curse than a blessing. Where did they put him, I wonder? If I could only meet somebody!"

He had walked half way down the lane towards the railroad, and at length saw the dull light which came from the little depot, when a carriage drove down the road and was about to pass him, when Enderly shouted:

"Say, hello there. Which way?"

The driver slackened his pace and answered back:

"To the station."

"You're from Mrs. Royer's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Then let me in and you shan't lose by it, my man! You can take me to the city for five dollars, I suppose!"

"I would if I could, mister," said the coachman, stopping abruptly and trying to recognize the speaker in the light of his carriage lamps; "but I'm on an errand—got to bring a lady and gent from the station. Wait for next train."

"Is the lady a Mrs. Holbrooke?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, ha! So. Then I suppose I shall have no way to choose but to go back to the house and wait till morning. What time does the first morning train go down?"

"Six o'clock, sir."

"That'll do. I'll go back."

The carriage drove on, and Enderly retraced his steps towards the Royer domain, full of anxious thoughts concerning old Martin, and thoroughly conscious of the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of finding his whereabouts that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

The common beetle can, without injury, support and even raise very great weights, and make its way beneath almost any amount of pressure. In order to put the strength of this insect Atlas to the test, experiments have been made which prove that it is able to sustain and escape from beneath a load of from twenty to thirty ounces, a prodigious burden when it is remembered that the insect itself does not weigh so many grains; in fact, once more taking man as a standard of comparison, it is as though a person of ordinary size should raise and get from under a weight of between forty and fifty tons. This amount of strength is not, however, confined to the short, thick limbed beetles, Mr. Newport once fastened a small *Carabus*,—one the most active and elegantly formed of the beetle tribe,—which weighed only three grains and a half, by means of silk thread, to a small piece of paper, upon which the weight to be moved was placed. At a distance of ten inches from its load the insect was able to drag after it, up an inclined plane of twenty-five degrees, very nearly eighty five grains; but when placed upon a plane of five degrees inclination, it drew after it one hundred and twenty five grains, exclusive of the friction to be overcome in moving its load—as though a man was to drag up a hill of similar inclination, a wagon weighing two tons and a half, having first taken the wheels off.

—A great man lives in the influence of his examples and his teachings. How many there are who resurrect Franklin in his famous maxim, "Save pence, pounds will save themselves," when the church collector shakes the contribution box or basket under their noses!

—"Why are the men of genius so often bachelors?" asks Miss Kate Sanborn. As genius is merely another name for excellent common-sense, any answer is apt to make the married man look bad by contrast.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

Fantasy and fashion have blended their work together with a perceptible effect on everything, for we have never had so many charming accessories to our toilettes as are visible in bewildering and tempting variety everywhere. Under such tasteful and beautifying influences, the plainest costumes are transformed into charming and graceful effects, which not only add fresh attractions to the new and young, but lend additional charms to the old. At the present time one of the most conspicuous and pleasing forms in which these tasteful effects of fantasy are visible, is the coquettish and artistic little cap which adorns the head of young and old in home toilettes. As these little artistic adornments can be easily produced by the nimble and ingenious fingers of many of my readers, a few hints and suggestions may prove acceptable to those who exercise their ingenious talent in making the many little charming articles of lace and ribbon which so often make a plain simple toilette far more charming than one of greater richness and yet deficient in taste and gracefulness.

The form and the materials of which caps are made, vary much; but with a good pattern, or even with a quick eye, they are by no means difficult to make at home, and we propose to furnish such information as may aid both in the selection of fashionable models and in carrying out the same. To begin with materials. The caps of the day are made in velvet, black and colored, in terry velvet, in many kinds of gauzes, such as the velvet and gauze alternate stripes, brocaded gauzes and checked gauzes, the snow gauze, recalling hoar frost on leafless branches; the most popular of all being the oriental gauzes with a variety of color. Plush is also much in favor; so are muslin, mousseline de soie, and silk, both poult de soie and the several soft makes of silk, which are decidedly more suitable; Sicilienne diamantine surah, and the many kinds of soft figured silks, soft silk handkerchiefs and scarves. Some of these silks, gauzes and mousselines de soie are covered all over with small sprays in silk embroidery, and the caps are bordered with trilling similarly worked. These and others trimmed with the jardiniere and chintz ribbons are intended to be worn with the Pompadour silks, which will be the rage of the season. Every variety of lace is used—old point, and particularly the point de Reguse, the very best of all modern imitations, together with Mechlin, Valenciennes, blonde, etc. Muslin embroidery, both white and colored, appears on some of the breakfast caps, made of white and colored muslin, plain and checked.

Beads are largely used; in the case of white net and lace the crowns are often entirely covered with pearls, in black with jet or chair de lune beads; but nearly all the dress caps which are bordered with lace have pearl beads dotted about it, as this aids in making them more becoming, the lace lying closer to the face.

Flowers, rosettes of silk, pompons of soft silk marabout, gold and silver braid, and bands of feather trimming, all these are used as trimmings—the flowers and pompons are placed in front slightly to the left, and sometimes also quite at the back; the feather trimming encircles the crowns, as do also fringes of leaves and pendent flowers intended to hang over the face. Two of the newest forms have no trimming whatever, viz., the Bohemian and the Neapolitan. The former is a soft silk handkerchief half a yard square; this is laid over a flat round foundation of net and wire in such a manner that it falls in turban-like folds, the corners back and front are cut off or turned in, the two ends tying in a knot in front. It is a reproduction of an eastern headdress, such as Leah and other Jewish characters have worn on the stage. The Neapolitan is after the same order, but has the long Masaniello point hanging on the left side, finished off with a small silk tassel. A very easy shape can be trimmed with either reversible ribbon, or for more dressy occasions with flowers, in which case it is not necessary to have a cross-cut foraade carried around the cap, but merely to turn up the material of which the cap is made above the face, a square of three-eighths of material being generally enough. It is a matter of taste whether wire be used or not. Begin by making a band the size of the head, and if you please strengthen it with ribbon wire. No other foundation is required. Place the material over this, leaving the material hanging down at the back or not, as you please. Taking the square of the material, place it with one point over the front and one at the back, which throws it on the cross. Round off the two side and front points, and leave the other for the back, and turn in the rough edge all around. Many of the back ends are tied in a loose knot, which is stylish. The mode of arranging the fulness is in three box pleats in front, a half pleat at each side, and in lieu of the loose knot, a box pleat at the back on the wrong side, viz., the folds turn toward the centre on the outside of the cap. The fuller and more puffy the crowns the better; indeed, a very favorite design has runners half an inch apart all over the crown, the round shape being a reproduction of the cap worn by some of Hogarth's heroines. The lace should be put on in double rows, slightly full. There are a few more eccentric shapes to chronicle; one forming a point at the top of the crown and made entirely of rows upon rows of marabout lace falling at the edge, or another quite circular, like the caps worn by the boys in some of the old charity schools, the fulness gathered beneath a button in the centre, a double plaiting of muslin or lace in front, with a rouleau of ribbon or satin in the centre. Nothing could be more quaint, yet becoming notwithstanding. A third is made somewhat after the shape of a Scotch cap in black satin, bordered with three-fourths inch gold braid, having coins pendent therefrom; and lastly, a reproduction of a charity-school girl's cap, gathered into a curtain in front, framing the face like a bonnet, and bordered with a double plaiting of lace. It is generally made in satin. To keep the caps on, it is best to fasten them with small invisible pins on each side, and one long pin through the back, the finest of Italian hairpins being introduced just in front.

Large gilt pins are also used to fasten these caps on, and become an additional ornament, as the heads are made in every variety of form, curiously wrought in filigree, or in representing different designs, butterflies, bugs with jeweled eyes and enamelled wings. Large ball pins are among the most popular.

Unlike any cap I have seen lately is a shape copied from the Spanish students, whose visit to Paris excited so much interest erewhile. It fits the head closely, and is pointed back and front—indeed, it is somewhat like the boats often folded in paper to amuse children. The pattern was pink silk, covered with point lace, a cluster of pink ribbon bows and lace standing up like a cock's comb. Pompadour ribbon appears on many of the caps for demi-toilet. A light lemon gauze or silk crown, trimmed with écrevette ribbon, is a favorite mixture, and embroidered silk caps are still worn. There is no fear that fichus and collarettes are likely to go out of fashion for the present. Mr. Wanamaker has a most charming selection.

Cambric handkerchiefs, the edge embroidered in color, are utilized for caps, but more especially for neckties, carelessly drawn through a flat gold scarf ring, while for more dressy occasions deep lace replaces the embroidery. French lawn has been applied to collarettes and cuffs embroidered on to lace and thinner muslin, the cuffs of many of them being cut up on the outside of the arm. It is, however, the shape of these things that merits most praise. One and all have a becoming ruche round the neck, whether they be square or round, or are carried down to the waist in front. Long muslin sleeves, with lace insertion let in, are sold to replace the actual sleeves of the dress, when the fashionable chemisettes, made of gathered muslin, are worn. Large lace-edged squares of muslin, intended to be thrown over the head and shoulders, are new and graceful. Many of the prettiest square collars have jabots of lace in front; others, with cuffs to match, are made entirely of clear muslin, gathered at intervals and bordered with lace. The clearest French muslin is used for the Swiss bodices—over-bodices, we might almost call them—which are slipped on in a moment, producing a dressy toilet with no trouble. White ribbon bows appear on most of these, for white is slowly but surely superseding cream.

Most of the cuffs are intended to be worn outside the dress sleeves, and many of them terminate in plaited folds, which hang on the outside of the arm. A very favorite trimming is closely-plaited muslin, bordered with lace—so closely plaited, indeed, as almost to resemble crimping, and this appears on many of the fichus.

Our Fireside Chat.

(Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Suggestions for Fancy Work.—Drying flowers seems at present a fashionable pastime, either for botanical or decorative purposes. The mode of arrangement for the familiar cardboard pictures has been greatly followed in the ornamentation of fire screens, two of which I will describe. The first, on a white parchment ground, had a central mass of dried polyanthuses and prim roses, from which sprung, hiding the stalks, sprigs of sweet pea and forget-me-nots, intermixed with bunches of grass and one or two of oats. Sprays of clematis, with their white fossy filaments, appeared at the side, and opposite them branched out several bleached ferns. The whole was enlivened by a few clusters of bright pink seaweed, judiciously placed. The second screen displayed two half wreaths of daisies and oats, mounting the sides and meeting in the centre. At the lower part was a layer of green moss, surmounted with quivering grass, bleached ferns, and daisies. In the vacant centre shone two or three choice butterflies, speckled brown moths, dazzling green beetles, and a couple of humming birds, one perched on a branch of oats, the other apparently chasing a moth. The frames in jointed bamboo constituted a light inexpensive finish to both screens. For dried foliage alone, the latest novelties are curtain holders, formed by wreaths of variegated leaves, inclosed in a casing of net or tarlatan, in the same way as for lamp shades, &c. On a more extended scale preserved ferns may be utilized in many tasteful ways, especially if the shades of green are skillfully blended, and brightened up occasionally by a vividly marked butterfly. They thus adorn not only sitting-room windows, but conservatory doors, flower pots, jardinieres, fire and folding screens, cabinets, brackets, backs of whatnots, and frames of looking glasses, as well as compose medallions and pictures in black and gilt frames, suspended from the wall like china plaques and tiles.

Painted glass fire screens are now used. Their opaque surface is usually adorned by a central medallion and pretty corner designs; and the ruddy glare of the flames behind, lights up all the colors with a brilliant glow.

Mother-o'-pearl embroidery is used on banner screens, tea cozies, slippers, etc., and even imparts a glistening loveliness to evening toilets. Dress embroidery is, indeed becoming daily more of a specialty, and lady workers should take advantage of the mania while it lasts, either for personal use or pecuniary benefit. For their guidance I have gleaned, in some of the best authorities, a few particulars of the most admired style, which can, of course, be easily reproduced on a humbler scale. In one toilet the skirt in Havana-colored velvet, was ornamented with sheaves of wheat, worked in gold thread and pearls; the pink silk bodice displayed the same embroidery, finished off by gilt-spangled lace, and a corresponding trimming adorned the train of rose and cream-colored satin. Ribbons, spangled with gold, were prepared for the headdress. A second dress consisted of the shade overt etincelle." The overskirt was trimmed with Venetian lace, headed by a rich appliqué of cream-colored velvet foliage, veined with pearl and crystal beads, and interlaced with large white satin daisies, embroidered in beads to match; the adornment repeated itself on the square-opened bodice and short sleeves. In the third toilet the skirt of old gold-colored satin was embroidered with gold and silver reeds, and foliage of moss-green chenille; among these appeared at intervals aquatic grasses worked in several shades of moss, and sparkling with clair de lune beads in imitation dew. The medieval bodice and train were in vieil-or brocade, with velvet and chenille arabesques in all shades of wood and moss.

Very effective embroideries were exhibited in two white gauze scarves—one ornamented with tiny daisies of white floss silk, dotting at intervals a garland of white satin azaleas, and leaves speckled with mother-of-pearl; the other scarf displayed exquisitely worked tea, blush, and rouge du Roi roses, their long stalks intertwined by ribbon grass, and foliage, in graduated shades of moss green. The whole was completed by a bell-shaped fringe in the different colors of the embroidery. In a quieter style, a blue cashmere toilet looked extremely tasteful with a reseda-colored embroidery, dotted with steel beads. As a rule, however, in such dresses we advocate the ornaments to be in self-tints.

A curious and novel sachet is composed of one of the Japanese scraps, mounted on lemon-colored satin, and completed by a silk cord and tassels to correspond. Besides antimacassars, these scraps also ornament screens, walls, mower-pot covers, and lamp shades to hang in the centre of the hall.

Will some one of the Fireside Chat contributors give me a recipe for making ice cream cake?—*Strawberry Festival.*

Some time ago you gave a recipe for making celaire à la creme, but as experiences in recipes differ, I think your readers will find mine a desirable one, and hope you will give it a place in your weekly list of household recipes:

Ten eggs, one-half cup butter, three-quarters of a pound flour, one pint water, one and one-half pints milk, three large tablespoonfuls corn starch, two cups of sugar, yolks of five eggs, and one large tablespoonful of good butter, and two teaspoonfuls extract of vanilla.

Set the water on the stove in a stew pan, with the cup of butter; as soon as it boils, stir in the sifted flour with a wooden spoon; stir vigorously until it leaves the bottom and sides of the pan, then remove from the fire and beat in the eggs, one at a time. Spoon out on a greased tin some distance apart, and bake in a steady brisk oven, over twenty minutes. When cold, cut open the sides with scissors, and fill with the following pastry cream, made of the aforementioned ingredients: Bring the milk to a boil with the sugar, add the corn starch dissolved in a little water; as soon as it reboils, take from the fire, beat in the five egg yolks; return to the fire until the eggs are well mixed and set, add the extract and butter; when cold, fill the cakes.—*Good Cook.*

As June is the season of roses, and rose-leaves are the predominant foundation for a pot pourri of flowers, dried and kept in a covered vase, I would like to ask through your columns for directions to make one.—*Rosalie.*

I would like to have directions for making something new and pretty in patchwork.—*Country Girl.*

Scotch Short Bread.—I have found the following recipe so good, will you publish it in the Fireside Chat?—*M. A. G.*

One-half pound of fine flour, one-half pound of fresh butter, one-quarter pound of finely sifted sugar. Mix well in a paste, roll out an inch thick a square shape, nip the edges with thumb and forefinger, so as to form small points, ornament with caraway comfits and orange chips; bake in a quick oven. When of a pale lemon color, it is done.

Will you kindly publish my inquiry for a recipe for making genuine Scotch scones?—*Lassie.*

As summer evening teas are a country institution of popularity when a neighbor drops in unexpectedly for a cup of tea, a recipe for making a light tea cake to take the place of biscuit, will be found very useful, and I can recommend the following as a good one: One-half pint of flour, four eggs, a teacupful of sweet milk, a teacupful of lard and butter mixed, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. The eggs are beaten separately, and the whites added last. To be baked in small patty pans.—*Country Reader*

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

E. (Erie.)—There is no natural method of darkening the hair. The artificial method is to dye it. Frequent shaving of the moustache and whiskers promote their growth.

ETIQUETTE, (Mahoning, O.)—When a widow proceeds to the altar for a second marriage, she does not wear her wedding-ring. That ring is laid aside forever; and thenceforth she is to wear the new one.

ELLIS, (Rowan, N. C.)—A very good method of cleansing the teeth is to mix a little powdered sage in a teaspoonful of honey; to damp the teeth with the mixture when going to bed, and wash them in the usual manner in the morning.

N. R., (84, Laundry, La.)—"Domesday Book," the most ancient record in Europe, is the report and returns of a survey of nearly the whole of England, made by order of William I. It consists of two volumes, and has been illustrated and published verbatim.

H. (Cleveland, N. C.)—The name Lena is a contraction of Adelina, or Adelina, which is of German origin, and means a princess. Marie is the French for Mary, which is Hebrew in its origin, and means bitter. Alice is of German origin, and means noble.

SCIOLIST, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Read some work on astronomy. A comet is prophetic of many people, and generally presages evil. The Tyrolese call it God's rod, and say that its import may be learned from its color. Thus as it is white or red it imports peace or war.

KEYSTONE, (Dane, Wis.)—Crusade is from a word meaning cross, and all the knights of the Crusades wore crosses, and so pledged themselves to fight for the Holy Land. The Templars were so called because they had a house near the supposed site of Solomon's Temple.

C. C. F., (Grant, W. Va.)—The seven wonders of the world were as follows: The Egyptian Pyramids, Artemisia's Mausoleum, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, Babylon's Hanging Gardens, The Colossus at Rhodes, the Statue of Jupiter Olympus, the Lighthouse at Alexandria.

ANTI-FLIES, (Cincinnati, O.)—The plants of which you inquire as likely to keep flies out of the room, are geraniums and calecadarins. The London (Eng.) Garden is authority for the statement that these plants are useful for this purpose. Pennyroyal, it is said, will also have the same effect.

R. R., (Queens, N. Y.)—Solicit the young lady's hand of her father in person, even if you are not on good terms with Mm. If you are conscious that you have done nothing to incur his displeasure, you need not hesitate to see him. Perhaps he will inform you what his objections are, and you can then have an opportunity to remove them if possible.

G., (Rochester, N. Y.)—In the designation Bashi-Bazouk, bashi refers to the cap worn by them; and bazouk disarranged or quarranged. Every one who is not in the Turkish army is a Bashi Bazouk. Nor is this a term of contempt, as many imagine. If a person were to inquire of a Turk whether, say, Edhem Pacha was a military man, he would reply, "No; he is a Bashi-Bazouk."

W. J. G., (Erie, Pa.)—There is no such person as the King of Tartary. European Tartary is the Crimea, subject to Russia. What was once called Asiatic Tartary has lost the name; the northern part is divided into a number of little principalities, the chief of which are called Khans, and the southern part is now known as Bokhara, governed by an emir or king. But still as is not the King of Tartary.

S. L., (Perry, Tenn.)—You acted in an unpardonable manner. No matter what the provocation, a man has no business to write an ungentlemanly letter to a woman, or to exhibit any supercilliousness or impertinence. Sudden anger, or vehement indignation, is no excuse for a letter of such a character; because one would have ample time for reflection before sending off such a communication. A man has no right, under any circumstances, to make either a fool or a ruffian of himself—especially in writing.

L. LOWE, (Falls, Pa.)—The Chinese nobility, which is in fact constituted of mandarins, is very numerous; it reckons seventeen or eighteen thousand and is particularly wealthy. There is great danger in refusing the honor of a mandarinship, for his Celestial Majesty generally confers it with the intention of receiving in return a good large sum of money. Howqua, the great Hong tea merchant, paid twenty thousand pounds for a distinction he probably would as soon have been without. There may be some in the colleges of this country.

INQUIRER, (Dallas, Pa.)—On being introduced to a lady it is not regarded as in good style for the gentleman to offer his hand. Should the lady choose to do so, he of course must take it. In the case of an elderly gentleman towards a young lady, the offering of the hand on introduction might not be out of place, but in other cases it were better omitted. When gentlemen are introduced it is usual to shake hands, and they express themselves as happy at making the other's acquaintance. There is no set form necessary.

A. L., (De Kalb, Ind.)—Your wife had cause for anger. Never again, on any account, chide or reprimand her in company, should she make any mistake in history, geography, grammar, or, indeed, any other subject. There are, we are persuaded, many wives of such keen feelings and high spirits (and such wives deserve to be treated with the utmost delicacy) that they would rather receive a severe and bitter scolding in private than a rebuke in company, calculating to display ignorance or folly, or to impair them in their own opinion, or in the opinion of others.

B. H., (Carroll, Md.)—It is commonly stated that the reason that the 4th of March was chosen for "Presidential Inauguration Day," was on account of its seldom occurrence on Sunday. But that is not so. The 4th of March comes on Sunday just about as often as any other day of any month in the calendar. Since Washington's inauguration, in 1789, the 4th of March has fallen on Sunday no less than twelve times, only two of which times—1821 and 1849—happened to be Inauguration Day. The inauguration 4th of March will fall on Sunday in the years 1917, 1945, 1973, 2001, 2057 and 2085; but during that period the 4th of March will come on Sunday no less than 11 times.

ASPIRANT, (Baltimore, Md.)—The best advice we can give you is to endeavor to arrange that you may have two or three hours in the evening twice a week to attend one of the art schools, if any are in the vicinity of your residence. You will thus be able to perfect yourself in those accomplishments of which you have the germ. At the same time we would advise you not to be too sanguine as to the improved position in which you may be placed. Painters and musicians are more plentiful than the demand for them, and only the most eminent, like cream from milk, rise to the surface. Many a domestic servant is in a far better position than a struggling artist or musician.

D., (Oxford, Me.)—We have repeatedly said that it is never proper for a man to display violence in the presence of ladies, except for the purpose of self-defence. In the case you mention it was highly indecorous to strike the person to whom you refer in the face, in the parlor of your hostess. The insult which he gave you did not call for any such exhibition of ungentlemanliness as that. You should have passed it over in silence, and waited until a fitting opportunity occurred to call the insulter to account for it. No matter what the duty of the person who insulted you may be towards you or the lady of the house at whose house you were guests, your duty is plain; you owe her an apology for your rudeness, and should take the earliest opportunity to make as handsome a one as possible.

IGNORANCE, (Racine, Wis.)—The emblems of the apostles are chiefly the instruments of torture which caused their death, since they all died martyrs save one. We will start with the Evangelists. The lion of St. Mark, the eagle of St. John, the bull of St. Luke, and the man's face, or angel of St. Matthew—these are merely symbols. Next we have the crossed keys of St. Peter, the cross of St. Andrew, like an X, the staff of St. James, the fuller's club of St. Jude, the saw of St. Simon, by which instrument he was cut in two, the plank of St. James-the-Less, by which he was thrown from a tower, the knife of St. Bartholomew, he having been flayed alive; the crosier, pastoral and book of St. Philip, the spear of St. Thomas, by which weapon he was thrust through; the axe of St. Matthias, the sword of St. Paul, for he was beheaded at Rome, and the stone of St. Barnabas.

SORROW, (Phila., Pa.)—You must use every effort to overcome a hopeless passion, or it may be the bane and misery of life. Avoid the gentleman's company, and shun every place he frequents, as it is evident his heart is given to another. There is nothing so painful, so heart-breaking, as an ill-requited attachment; to love without return—to love deeply, sincerely, with a love stronger than death, and to know and feel that there is no sympathetic passion in the heart of the beloved, is one of the worst forms of human calamity. In proportion to the difficulties in its path, does love become stronger and more truthful; disappointment only increases its intensity, and kindles more brightly the flame upon the altar. Woman is especially subject to this secret love—a hopeless sort of passion—something which cannot, dare not be revealed; but which destroys her peace of mind, drives away contentment from her bosom, makes the present gloomy and foreboding, the future dark and doubtful.

NORTH BROAD, (Phila., Pa.)—The Jewish festival of Purim commemorates the deliverance of the Israelitish nation from the plot to destroy them, instigated by Haman, who had been elevated by King Artaxerxes to the chief place in his kingdom. This deliverance came through Queen Esther, the story of whose courage in risking her life by disobeying the edict of the king that no female should be admitted to his presence, in order to reveal the plot and save her people, is so beautifully told by the historian in the Biblical book of that name. Haman had instigated the death of the Jews, and by his influence over King Artaxerxes had caused an edict to be issued ordering them all to be put to death on a certain day. Queen Esther, fearing not only her own death, but those of her people, after hours of prayer, finally approached the king, and by her supplications induced him to revoke his cruel sentence, and Haman, the instigator, was hanged himself. The book of Esther, or the books of books, is read upon the Feast of Purim, this being its only reading during the year, singing of hymns, etc., indicative of the joyous character of the feast. The next day is devoted to family reunions, visiting, private parties, hops, etc.

JOMINI, (Elkhart, Ind.)—The first of Napoleon's marshals that the Duke of Wellington encountered was Junot, whom he defeated at the battle of Vimiera, in Portugal. The French, as well as all the other nations of Continental Europe, fought in columns; but Wellington believed that the British could fight in line, and he tried it at Vimiera, and won; and he kept it up from that day to the crowning victory of Waterloo. He maintained that if troops have the nerve to stand up in long-reaching lines, only two deep, against narrow, deep columns of their foes, they will of course have a great advantage in delivering their fire, and can almost invariably win. The grounds on which the belief was founded you will see at a glance. Suppose a thousand troops drawn up in column twenty men abreast and fifty deep, confront a thousand drawn up in two lines of five